

### X Collection

## INDEX

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[illegible]

# THE BUOY

Number One

Philadelphia, Pa.

January, 1947

"T T"  
AKE EN"

--says your Editor

Take ten or fifteen minutes to think over the New Year's Resolutions you've made--if any. Now how many of the resolutions you made have been kept? How many did you break? The resolutions remaining, if any, are very few and easily kept.

Now we have an ajay resolution for you:

**RESOLVED:** That I will have a journal (or a contribution for a journal) in the February bundle and one in as many bundles as possible during the year 1947.

Take this resolution now: TODAY.

You were interested enough to send Treasurer Northrop a buck dues--you should have enough interest to help your officers build the better United they're trying to build--the more active United!

Haig Anlian, in his dual rôle of President and Mailer, is doing an excellent job. Incidentally, he's a member of the Joint Cooperating Committee of Amateur Journalism, too.

Vic Bacon is doing a very creditable job as Critic. He is the association Critic reviewing the bundles of the three major associations.

As Official Editor, Mike Perlmut is giving you, a United member, one of the best organized Official Organs in ajay.

Wilson Shepherd is trying to do his best as Manuscript Manager, but he can't satisfy publishers when he hasn't the

(continued on page two)

"I" C "H  
CONFESSING  
--says Willametta Turnepseed

When NAPA members are feeling superior (and when aren't they?) they dismiss anything childish with the remark, "That's AAPA stuff." And a healthy feud (such as Alf and I were indulging in with such abandon) brings yelps from Maine to California. But few line up for the scrimmage. It isn't dignified. My mail is full of comments, encouragement ("Let's you and him fight!") and reassurances; but that doesn't make fat bundles. Now the AAPA is different; feuds run rampant, and members attend conventions wearing bullet-proof vests and armed with tear-gas pens. And what happens? Bundles burgeon monthly, putting both other top associations to shame. Feuds are food for printing presses [or mimeographs--Ed].

I had all the ingredients in the United LitNews 246, but what happened? The president and several of the officers wrote me praising the article. Instead of rushing into indignant print, Gene Remignati wrote me a very reasonable letter. New member Esther Mallen's reply was a spirited defense, and what happened? I muffled it. Instead of adding fuel to her fire and encouraging her to further indignation I wrote her naturally--and lost a potential opponent. If UAPA wants bigger and better feuds I guess it will have to look to a more hardy protagonist.

And yet. I think wistfully, there's still time for some sturdy

(continued on page two)

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. X, No. 3

DEC. 1, 1948

Price: for our  
please

## Knights of Pythias Sponsors Essay, Speaking Contests

The details of an essay contest and a public speaking contest sponsored by the Knights of Pythias, were explained at the meeting of Bethel Lodge, Tuesday night, by Frank Robinson, Barre, grand secretary, Supreme Lodge of Vermont.

Grand Secretary Robinson described the rules of the essay contest, which is new this year.

### 'FREEDOM' TOPIC

Any boy or girl, born on or after Sept. 1, 1930, may compete. Essays are to be 300 words long, and written on the topic: "The True Meaning of Freedom."

Essays are to be submitted on or before May 1, 1949 to the secretary of the nearest lodge, which, in the case of Burlington youngsters, would be Benjamin Blau-man.

The best essay submitted in each state will be sent to the national judging team. Grand prize winner will receive \$250. Two second prize winners will be named, one from this country and the other from Canada, and each will receive \$125.

The public speaking contest is open to all boys and girls in the United States, Canada and Hawaii, born on or after Sept. 1, 1930 and to all regularly enrolled students in high schools or parochial or preparatory schools of high school rank.

K. of P. a \$1,000 scholarship and other cash prizes are to be awarded to winners of the essay and public speaking contests.

## Postal Rates Increase Jan. 1

WASHINGTON. —A wide variety of increases in postal rates will become effective Jan. 1, including a boost in air-mail letter postage from five to six cents an ounce.

There will be increases all along the line in the graduated scale of parcel post rates. The pound rate for sending catalogues and books also will be increased.

The special delivery fee, now 13 cents for first class and 17 cents for other types of mail up to two pounds will become 15 and 23 cents respectively.

The cost of sending third-class matter, which includes circulars, merchandise, catalogues, seeds and plants, will be boosted both individually and by bulk rate.

Increased charges will also be imposed on money orders and postal notes, and it will cost more for registering and insuring mail.

## Mind Your Rs and Ts

NEW YORK —Research by the Board of Education showed 45 percent of the errors which make writing illegible are made on the letters A, E, R and T. The most frequently unreadable numerals are 5, 6 and 7.

## Did You Know?

Australians drank an average of 15.9 gallons of beer each last year. It was only 11.4 gallons in 1939.

10th Year of Publication.

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. X No. 1

March 1948

## HOBBY NO. 1 AMATEUR JOURNALISM

*Maybe you're one Of these persons?*

Many Americans have written at one time or another an article or poem or story just for the sake of getting their thoughts on paper.

### Amateur Press Club

Others have dabbled with a printing press in their homes, turning out journals of every description and size, either for themselves or friends. These papers are the products of a real free press ... saying what you want, with no strings attached.

### Central Mailing Bureau



### Publishing opportunity

These people do these things as a hobby—a diversion—something to pass the leisure hours. They are of all ages, from 10 to 90, and come from all walks of life—school kids and teachers, students, soldiers, doctors, lawyers, housewives, newspapermen, printers, tradesmen. Some aspiring youths become noted writers, novelists, journalists from the spark of training in this amateur journalism.

Continued on Page 2

## Annual Convention

U. A. P. A.

Sept. 2-5,  
1948

Wisconsin



### Milwaukee Amateur Press Club

Banquet - Blue Ribbon Hall - Pabst Company

Book Prizes - Outdoor Event - Literary Forum



GUARD  
POST  
NO. 1



ATTENTION!

Non-commercial And non-sectarian



MAY  
1948

BUCKLE'S

JUNE  
1948

Volume II Number 2

May and June, 1948

# ROCKET SHIP SEEN 4000 B.C.

SUBTERRANEAN ROOM FOUND IN PYRAMID PROMOTES INTER-PLANETARY SPECULATION

After four months of searching the pyramids of Egypt, Sir Grenville Westchester, a famed British archeologist, returned to England with a clue that might answer the question of life on other planets. Over 4000 years ago, ancient Egyptians saw and kept record of a rocket, very similar to the modern V-2. Today, centuries later, these records have been discovered by accident. Here, in his own words, is the account of the discovery just as Sir Westchester wrote it to me:

"Dear Mr. Haeseler---I was surprised and pleased to receive your letter asking me to relate my recent discovery. I shall be happy to do so for you and your QUESTIONMARK readers. I am writing this just as it took place, and enclose several photographs taken in the tomb.

"In February of this year, I was leading a crew of workers inside the pyramid of Pharaoh Karo-Enul (The last of the powerful Pharaohs) to collect pottery for the London Museum of Science. On this particular day we had gone deep into the inner chambers where the mummified Pharaoh had once lay. As in other pyramids, moving the huge stone casket uncovered a passageway beneath it, leading to a room filled with pottery. My men descended and (Con't, next page, Column one)

EDITOR'S  
CORNER



Charley Shattuck did an excellent job on the NA this time, even got it out early...best paper in the bundle was the April OUTHOUSE ESTATE, a really super job on the laugh-happy side...I enjoyed the "Three Foxes" story from the KITCHEN STOVE...and Congrats are due to Bob Carrier for a good CORN...learned all about recurrent blepharitis from THE KITTEN, and a broken parrot cage from the Junior CAT. (121 Burnside Ave. has gone intellectual) ...other commendable nags in the bundle were CAMEO, COMMENT (Especially the editorials), and STEPPING STONE.

OPEN LETTER TO CHAS. A. SHATTUCK:

When I went to see "Bloomer-Girl" I wore large, baggy pants. When I saw "T-Men" I wore a T-shirt. When I saw "Shoeshine", I wore new shoes. When I saw "White Tie and Tails", I wore a tuxedo. I ask you, should I see "Naked City", even if you are in it?

Want \$\$\$? Contost, last page !!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* If there is a gorgeous spec-  
\* men of feminine pulchritude\*  
\* 15 to 17 interested in writ-  
\* ing me (I'm 17), love to hear\*  
\* from you! Address, next page.\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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#264

X-PM 4827

THE BREEZELET

NO. 4

St. James, Md.

May 1948

UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES CAUSE  
WHITBREAD TO WITHDRAW FROM RACE  
AS SECRETARY-TREASURER CANDIDATE

---

It is with deep regret that I am forced to withdraw from consideration for the NAPA office of Secretary-Treasurer for 1948-50.

In the middle of last month, I was asked to run for this office, and, after considerate thought, replied in the affirmative.

Early this month, however, unforeseen circumstances arose which made it impossible for me to run. I have informed my sponsors that I have been forced to withdraw.

I apologize for this necessary but regrettable action, which was made unavoidable by entirely unforeseen events.

--Thomas B. Whitbread.

CHARLES SHATTUCK FOR PRESIDENT;  
HAROLD ELLIS FOR OFFICIAL EDITOR  
ENDORSED BY "THE BERKSHIRE BREEZE"

---

Through this sub-paper, "The Berkshire Breeze" hereby endorses Charles A. Shattuck for President of the NAPA for the term 1948-49, and Harold Ellis for Official Editor.

Perhaps Mr. Shattuck, as President, will be able to do away with such asinine and stupid idiocies as the Trust Fund, which is still being championed by Mrs. Matheson, our present President. When she calls the Trust Fund "a sacred hope of our dear dead Tryout Smith, which must be carried out in his memory," in words to that effect, she is playing on the heartstrings while overlooking the obvious and reiterated fact that such a plan would be senseless and unworkable for our organization.

Editor: Thomas B. Whitbread.

Typewriter: Royal Standard.

Stencill: Mimeograph 951.

VOTE "YES" ON AMENDMENT NO. TWO;  
REMOVE UNNECESSARY AND UNFAIR  
RESTRICTIONS ON LAUREATE CONTESTS

---

The present situation as far as laureate awards are concerned is distinctly undesirable. An amendment has been submitted proposing a change for the better.

I disagree with those who say that an equally onerous situation would result if the present constitutional limitation on laureate winners were changed. It seems to me that if a person has the ability to win a laureate award, and turns out a laureateship-winning piece of work, he should get the laureate award. If it so happens that one person gets the award twice or even thrice in a row, that should not discourage other entrants, who always have the chance of turning out a composition better than his. Suppose one writer wins the fiction award for four years in a row, you say. All that proves is that his was the best entry, and therefore everything is as it should be.

Artificial Restraint

The main difficulty with the laureate awards is lack of interest. When an artificial restraint is placed on those capable of winning laureateships, refusing those who win one year entrance to the contest in the next year, interest is taken away from the contests. The very fact that those who can produce good works are deterred from even trying to write them not only detracts from the interest in the laureate awards but also subtracts from the association's output of outstanding literary compositions, which is perennially almost negligible anyway.

Vote "Yes" on Amendment 2, and remove this unnecessary and deleterious restriction from the eligibility requirements for laureate awards.

X-DN 4827

#266

*The Berkshire Breeze*

Volume 1

April, 1948

Number 12



*Special Deluxe Spring Issue*

X-PN 4827

#267

# Bill's Gat



NO. 1492  
SEPT., 1949

WINTER EDITION

DEC., JAN., FEB. 1949-1950 RECOLLECTIONS

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of Words <sup>and</sup> Deeds."

GEO. D. PALECHNIK, EDITOR 2719 W. HESBURN AVE., MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
 "PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION."

\*\*\*\*\*

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

As I sat at the M.A.P.C. Christmas Party, Dec. 13th., 1949 with modern Writers and Poets, my memory went back some 45 years (in the good beer and free lunch days) when I ran into an old-fashioned poet, in a saloon on Grand Avenue.

This poet had long black hair, shoulder length, wore a stove-pipe hat (like an undertaker or chimney-sweeper) and a black frock coat. He would make or recite poetry to order, quote Shakespeare, tell a story, make a speech, or orate for just a glass of beer.

Those glasses (or schooners as they were called) held a quart of the amber fluid and contained over 9% of alcohol. It was highly intoxicating, the influence of it would keep the poet a chattering like a music-box for about one half hour before he would need a re-fill. Then he would be good for another half hour.

There were a few places in town along our water-fronts where one could get two schooners of beer for 5¢. They were always filled with a rough and lower type of persons, teamsters, sailors and dock-walkers. A bad place for a gentleman to be in, if he still had any self-respect left.

At a Palm Garden one could sit at a table with respectable people, listen to the orchestra play, have a waiter bring over a small but good glass of beer for 5¢. If a glass of pure water (H<sub>2</sub>O) was asked for one found out that beer was cheaper for the price asked for that was 10¢, one reason we ordered beer. Hm.

But Times, Places and People have changed (so have I) and now at the Christmas Party I see have the Poets by face and dress. Here this evening they seemed more like Angels in Heaven, all that might have been missing were white robes and wings. Those lady angels were superlative to the men present, not only by number, about 3 to 1 (not oil) but also in intelligence. They had us poor fellows beaten and all of this without a drop of beer.

\*\*\*\*\*

## WHISKERS

Santa Claus sure is important, that I see;  
 No one objects to his long whiskers,  
 Not even the ladies; Lord that should be me!  
 Uncle Sam has whiskers too, also lots of dough,  
 Some people take him for Santa--all year through.

\*\*\*\*\*

TANKA OF COMPARISON

In damoscene fields  
Blossoms the radiant sun;  
A blue fence backgrounds,  
In my grandmother's garden,  
A blazing helianthus.

Carla Patsuris

\*\*\*\*\*

THIS AND THAT

I am 80 years old-and want to vote. Personally, I don't see the necessity of so-called activity as a pre-requisite for voting.

I have been inclined to be of an optimistic disposition but at times I see only the hole in the doughnut not the whole doughnut.

Used to be said 3 ways to spread news- telephone, telegraph tell a woman, now we can add television.

There is nothing worse to my mind than to have nothing to do and plenty of time to do it.

Ajay activity has provided me with an outlet for some of my leisure since my retirement. I'm old enough to be a fossil in age but not journalistically.

'Some are born great, some achieve greatness' and others like myself have greatness thrust upon them-I'm a GREAT-grandfather.

When Wma met me at the Boston Convention she said she mistook me for a teen-ager. Well, I was one- once.

Listen in to radio daily. I realize if there were no 'ads' there'd be no big radio shows- but as the Scot is said to have done when listening to a Sunday service, he could turn off the radio when the collection box was passed. -Walter Vaughan

\*\*\*\*\*

Notes on contributors-

I found some of Walter Vaughans MSS from 1946-have taken from 3 of his entries. He's so very anxious to vote. (see next col.)

PACK PEDDLER

No sudden secret of the rippling land  
Is bared this one who finds no time to stand

In contemplation, daring for awhile,  
To pause his plodding of the endless mile;  
Who does not see the purple evening cloud,  
His shoulders burdened, his tired head bowed;  
Who misses, too, the sparrow's wildest note,  
His own thoughts louder than the sweetest throat;

Who has no leisure hour to waste for play...  
Growing shoddy, bitter, stooped and grey  
From walking in the circle Hunger sends,  
Knowing that a circle never ends.

Carla Patsuris

\*\*\*\*\*

AMATEUR THEATRE

Amateur Theatre is taken just as seriously as Amateur Journalism. In these fast moving days people are discovering how to "discover" themselves. These hobbies are mirrors that show a person what can be done and at the same time a person finds he or she can relax while working at something they used to hold as a secret for fear of being laughed at.

Today, one can contribute his or her spare time to the stage, writing or printing and the reward is a sense of fulfillment - of doing one's best.

Charlet B. First

\*\*\*\*\*

HERCULES

I see him standing there upon the grassy plains,

This handsome swain is heir- to beauty and to brains.

He's strong and dark and tall-  
His name is known to all.

When I lie to rest- His image comes to me.  
His stride, his mighty chest, Are plain for me to see.

He is so strong and fine!  
This baby bull of mine!

Marjorie Whitlow

\*\*\*\*\*

Carla Patsuris is an excellent poet- also a palmist and numerologist. She's my member.

Have typed this with a sprained thumb - or in spite of it.

Alexia

X-PN 4827



#270

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. XI, No. 2

June, 1950

Price: for our  
pleasure

## COINED PHRASE

Louis XII, of France, coined the phrase, "Let George do it." Whenever he wished to evade a distasteful duty, he permitted his faithful and obliging minister, Cardinal George, of Amboise, to do it.

## Did You Know?

More than \$3,094,000 in counterfeit money was seized in the fiscal year 1947-48 by the Secret Service. This was the largest amount ever seized since the creation of the Secret Service in 1865. More than two-thirds of it was made in Europe. The largest seizure was \$2,145,200 in a plant in Marseilles, France, where 12 counterfeiters now await trial. Other foreign seizures amounted to \$201,596.

## Questioned Unanswered

SALT LAKE CITY, (U.I.)—Supervisor F. C. Kozl of Wasatch National Forest says the forest service's season of silly questions has reached its peak for 1949. A serious-sounding woman telephoned his office and asked what kind of wood is the best kind to knock on to stay lucky.

## SAVAGE WORD

"Tabu" is one of the few savage words that have become a part of the English language. Captain Cook first discovered the notion and its associated customs at Tonga in 1771.

The English statute mile of 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet, is used in England and in the United States. On the continent of Europe most of the old miles of varying lengths have been replaced officially by the kilometer. One kilometer equals 0.621370 U. S. mile.



## BURP!

## Number 7

Suitland, Maryland

January 1, 1950

"Burps there a man with soul so dead . . ." —Anon.

Being herewith the first amateur paper of the second half of the Twentieth Century and of the years since the calamitous, dire, ill-starred, ill-fated, ill-omened, hapless, deplorable, catastrophic, adverse, disastrous, ruinous Shattuck Administration, the First. Gleeefully executed by Ralph W. Babcock and Victor A. Moitoret, with the indirect assistance of Vondy and a Greyhound Bus.

There's nothing like starting the New Year *right*—with a *Burp*. Vic phoned Friday night to inquire if there might be any chance of our getting together. It was a simple matter to get my return ticket from New York to St. Louis re-routed via Washington, D.C. At 6:30 a.m. the Lt. Cmdr. answered the phone with a hearty "Happy New Year!" Now, having caught up on the latest gossip, this gathering of amateur printers is properly adjourned to the cellar to *Burp* freely.

This Suitland, Maryland, home of the now-nameless Moitoret press is a fine brick one-story house with expandable attic and generous cellar-garage on a 75x160 foot plot verging on a wooded glen. If Vic has enough *ajay* visitors and doesn't succumb to too much home-finishing, this should develop into one of the activity bastions of the New Year.

The only shocking news this gadabout can spill is that there is or will be a December *National Amateur*—shortly. Po' ol' Judge Chas. moans that no one ever told *him* that the NAPA was broke. No one—certainly not the ex-Treasurer (who lives only a 5c phonecall or 10c subwayride from Shattuck—ever told the Official Editor—until the latter suspiciously commissioned Bro. Alf to investigate.

2nd Edition  
X-PN 4827

AUTUMN, 195



# The BLUE OX

Number One

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25c

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY BEN HAGGLUND  
AT 8044 MARY STREET, MIAMI 33, FLORIDA

# THE BROCHURE

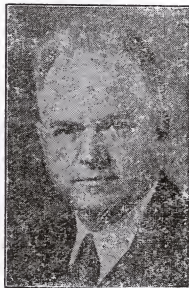
Vol. XI, No. 1

February, 1950

## Extra!! I. T. U. Supports Local Printers Sue For Breach Of Contract In Lockout

Former composing room men of The Burlington Daily News filed 18 cases to establish contractual rights. The case was entered in Chittenden County Court today by Atty. Joseph A. McNamara.

Morris Gerber, editor of The Brochure, 186 North Winooski Avenue, one of the compositors said "Justice will triumph", as Washington said "Truth will ultimately prevail where there is pains taken to bring it to light". See pages 2 and 3.



WOODRUFF RANDOLPH  
President

International Typographical Union  
(See pages two and three)

### Crude Motion Pictures

The zoetrope, a toy revolving cylinder with slits through which a series of pictures were seen in apparent motion, was invented 30 years before the motion picture.

### Lots of Drawings

Between 10,000 and 20,000 drawings are used today for a 750-foot short film in the animated cartoon field. In early days, only 3,000 drawings were required.

### Brings Note to Teacher

William Beveridge, attending Indiana Technical College on the GI bill, submitted a "petition for excused absence." A note signed by Mrs. Beveridge said: "Reason for absence: The baby was sick and kept us awake all night."

The U. S. Government Printing office normally employs an average of 4000 persons.

X-PN 4827

#274

THE FIRST DISCOURSE

by

Thomas J. (Tom) Brown

JUNE 1950

Written at the age of eighty-one

Wherein the author in detail  
narrates the methods by which  
he improved and strengthened  
his condition and continued in  
the enjoyment of spiritual,  
mental and physical health  
to his present age ---  
he having been born on  
May 7th, 1869.

H A B I T ---

We are creatures of habit and habit, in man,  
eventually becomes second nature, compelling him  
to practice that to which he has become accustomed.

Indeed, if a man of good morals frequents the  
company of a bad man, it every often happens that  
he will change from good to bad.

It is in consequence of this powerful force  
of habit, the vice of intemperance has gradually  
gained a foothold in this country.

(CONTINUED ON REAR PAGE)

*Paul  
Book*

X-PN 4827



THE SCIENCE OF LIVING  
SPIRITUALLY, MENTALLY AND  
PHYSICALLY ACTIVE BEYOND  
THREE-SCORE TEN YEARS

#215

THE FIRST DISCOURSE

by  
Thomas J. (Tom) Brown  
JUNE 1950

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(CONTINUED ON REAR PAGE)

PM 48.7

#276

SPRING EDITION

MAR., APRIL, MAY, 1950

RECOLLECTIONS

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" of WORDS and DEEDS "

Geo. D. Palechek, Editor 2719 W. Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.  
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE BIG MISSOURI MULE

The more I look at E. Percy Grover's January "RICE HOUSE" and see the picture and story of the mule by Mrs. Belle Mooney, the more it is to laugh about..It makes me think back to a story by Eli Perkins ,1890.

The great animal painter,Shreyer, painted a picture of a simple mule, eating a look of hay. That picture was sold for \$15,000.00,while the original mule from which he painted it could be bought for \$5.00. No one stood and laughed at this picture of the mule, but viewed it in mute admiration. They said,"What a master is this that can paint a mule like that."

The caricature of Belle Mooney's mule was to produce laughter, for it had imagination and exaggeration added to the facts. Had her mule been painted truthfully it wouldn't cause laughter. Neither would a picture of a patient mule make one laugh: for the only time that a mule is patient is when he is ashamed of himself,i.e., like some of us men folks.

We from the "Dairy State" Wisconsin, do not know much about mules for we have more to do with "contented cows." About the only time that we know or see anything about a mule here is around election time, when the Democratic Party have their big showing. Then the mule stands real meek, looking (well tamed) or is it that he has an inferiority complex?

The State of Missouri not only produces mules...our President. Mr. Truman also hails from there.

Now as this is ready to go to our press, word comes that last fall three Hollywood song writers(not the Three Musketeers) saw a mule train in Las Vegas, Nevada, "clippity-cloping"by. They got the hint, wrote a song about it...and it is estimated that each of the writers has already made \$25,000.00 on or from it.

The gold prospectors' mules carried gold in their hooves, not for their owners, but for these song writers.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SPRING-TIME

Spring is the best time of the year,  
It's not too cold nor to hot,  
It brings back all its glories:  
Good Friday, Palm and Easter Sundays  
With the old, yet; wonderful stories.

Mother's, Memorial and Father's days,  
These days too, like the flowers  
That slept through the wintry hours,  
Prove there's life hereafter for ours.

G.D.Palechek

\*\*\*\*\*

To have friends, one must be one. So long as we love we serve.  
No man is useless, while he has a friend.

\*\*\*\*\*

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

GEO. D. PALECHEK, Editor 2719 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\* A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

My Mother often told of when I was four years old that a friend of the family had given me a little saw and hammer, as also nails and some pieces of wood to practice with. He showed me how to hold a nail between my fingers and then how to hit it with the hammer. He also after patient instructions taught me how to use the saw on the wood. In due time under his instructions I got to be quite an expert at it.

All went well around the house until one day when mother had taken ill and was confined to her bed...while I was very busy in the kitchen with my new tools...hammering and sawing away to beat the band. Mother being ailed couldn't see what I was doing, but the racket prompted her to call, "Georgie, what in the world are you doing?" Hearing her call I went to her bedside, with hammer in one hand and saw in the other, and proudly said, "Oh, I fix it, mama!" She finally found out just what I had "fix".

When Daddy came home I told him the same thing. In fact he did not have to be told for he could see the nails driven into chair seats and some of the spokes around the legs of these same chairs sawed into even some of the backs sawed off. Daddy just laughed and picking out one of the remaining substantially strong chairs, sat on it, took me on his lap and lovingly said, "Never mind Georgie, you did a very good job of it...for a beginner, of course... you take after your grandfather, George Endner. He was a chair-maker up at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and when the chair company moved here to Milwaukee they had some chair makers of good ability move down with them and grandfather was one of those induced to make that change of abode.

George Washington didn't tell a lie when asked as to how he had cut down his father's cherry tree with his little hatchet...neither did I when I used my hammer and saw on the family chairs.

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## THE ROCKING CHAIR

Of all the different chairs in the U.S.A. the rocking chair is the most important chair for me. When I was a baby, my mother sat in it with me. By rocking back and forth she found it a means to calm me and often as she sang a lullaby to get me to go to sleep. Often, as I grew older and could talk to some extent when mother would stop singing, thinking I was asleep, I'd open my eyes and say, "Sing some more Mama, I like it."

In this same old rocking chair I not only heard my first singing but was taught my first singing also. It was there I heard storytelling and it was there that mother loved to hug and kiss me... she'd even kiss my little feet. All this my mother related to me. Now in my own Golden-age the rocking-chair is the only comforting chair in the whole house for me to occupy.



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

GEO. D. PALACHEK, Editor 2729 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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 \*\*\* A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION \*\*\*  
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## FORGIVENESS



The word "Forgiveness" has more to do with our every day life than the average persons reckons....We know what it is and means, but as a rule neglect to live up to it, which in turn causes us lots of trouble, even in our homes, where the most bitter feuds and devastating hatreds are those which smolder and burn in family relationships.

In the home it seems the hardest to forgive. An unkind word, a thoughtless act, harsh or foolish criticism, and soon hard feelings are aroused. Sister is lined up against sister, father against son, husband against wife. The peace of the household is disrupted, and unless the ugly spirit is quenched, misery and tragedy follow its wake.

One may say or write something out of the way that hurt other's feelings. They should forgive us, for some people take things that don't belong to them...even words.

The best lawyers are generally those that have the oldest law books. To refer to the word 'Forgiveness', the subject leads into the very heart of Christianity, so one should look that up in the Holy Scriptures.

Perhaps one of the most cruel and heartless crimes ever committed within the family circle was that which saw Joseph sold into slavery by his brothers. Years later these men found themselves at the mercy of their offended brother. Instead of avenging himself, Joseph forgave them. That is why Joseph is one of the most Christlike men in the Old Testament. He possessed a forgiving heart and sought the peace of the household.

In the New Testament the story of the Prodigal Son is another good one on Forgiveness. It tells us where the son demanded that his father pay him his portion at once, and then left home. After spending all that he had, he returned to his father, saying he wanted to repent for the wrong he had done. When his father saw him coming, he had compassion on him..ran towards him..fell on his neck and kissed him. The father not only forgave him, but also gave him more than he had before.

The article of forgiveness of sin, is the 5th petition of the Lord's Prayer. We say "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors". These words contain in the first place a humble confession, that there is such a thing as sin. So we must forgive others, if we expect to be forgiven. St.Luke speaks of sins and trespasses...St. Matthew uses the word debts...Therefore we confess that our sins are terrible debts, which we cannot repay. St. Luke writes, "Take heed to yourselves; if your brother trespasses against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him.

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

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GEO.D.PALACHEK, EDITOR 2719 W.MEINCKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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A star is a celestial body that is self-luminous...before Father Adam was, they were. and are still, the same today...they which have pleased so long and so many, must have merit.

All afloat in the sky they speak one tongue...with their blazing letters of the living light, "Peace on Earth and Good Will to all Men" They are the guard and glory of the world...they enlighten the eyes and make the brotherhood of mankind a fact as wide as the world.

The stars spread the light and the truth of the Creator, pole to pole. They shine mid pain and loss, they chase the shades of night away, and turn darkness into day. They do not change their fashions.. their art was founded on eternal truths, and uncorrupted by man.

Although there are millions of stars in the universe, our earth depends upon a certain one for its very existence. This star is the sun. The sun appears very large to us, but it really is one of the smallest stars. A person with good eyesight can see only about 2000 stars at any one time, but giant telescopes bring millions into view.

As the Cross is the symbol of the Christian's faith, and the Star of David the emblem of the Jewish religion, so is the flag of the UNITED STATES the badge of the American's faith...its stars call upon to consider the wonderful growth of our country from the original thirteen states to our present forty-eight. They plead with us to make still further progress, in all that makes for true National and divine greatness.

Our Nation's Flag was ordained June 14th., 1777. Americans rightly claim that the most beautiful Flag in the whole world is our "Star Spangled Banner". It symbolizes the union of the greatest republic on earth. The stars in it brighten up its field of blue...a flag to defend and uplift mankind, its true. Each star representing a state in the union. Stars were chosen instead of other devices, because they appropriately symbolize the elevated purposes and the lofty motives of the republic.

Our Country seems destined in the providence of God to be the meeting place of all the people; to be the world's experimental station, in brotherhood, where all races and faiths of the world are being brought together and being fused into one great and indivisible whole. It was and still is a sanctuary to which men and also women the world over oppressed because of religious and other beliefs take refuge and enjoy "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness".

Some brilliant or prominent persons, like "Movie Actors" are called Stars. Some or most of these do not create anything, not even the lines that they speak. So when their vogue ends their income stops. They are merely salespeople of the play-writer's words.

"Come and see me sometime" Mae West is really an exception. She is out of the actor class, being an author and producer, to say nothing of having graduated from the stage to the screen. However film stars go broke with the others...like the Comets and Meteors( the brilliant shooting stars of the sky ). They come...they go...and they die out.

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

GEO. D. PALECHIEK, EDITOR 2719 W. HEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

## THE TREE

We bring the evergreen pine trees into our homes to decorate, because they stay green and bright longer. They hardly ever shed their needle-like leaves. The many branches hold our colored Christmas ornaments, lights, candy, pop-corn balls, gold and silver stars, snow-men, angels, lambs, etc.

What would Christmas be without a tree? Below the tree we find a place, park the many packages of many shapes and sizes, all wrapped in gaily colored papers and ribbons, containing food, wearing apparel, games and toys of almost every kind, to delight everyone, for at this time most people want to do something for others. People began giving presents at Christmas time at the Lord Jesus' birthday-- the "Wise Men" brought gifts of myrrh, frankincense and gold to the Holy Child born that first Christmas Day. Christmas is a joyous time for the youngsters, and also for us oldsters that are enjoying the last act of the show, hoping that it runs on a little while longer. Yes, "What would Christmas be, without a tree"?

My hearty thanks for the many cards and letters received, also to the editors and writers of and in the many publications in the United for I enjoy them all and know that many more of us do so also.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR to ye all.

Say! Do you know, This is the EIGHT ISSUE of "BLOOMING CREATIONS" for 1950, (my first year) in Amateur Journalism. It was my intention to get out only four. I hope to keep on going next year (if God be willing). He hath given men skill, that He might be honoured in His marvellous work. Some people never try to write, and get into the habit, they have trouble making up their minds--first they think that they will and then they don't--they are like a mule that starved to death between two stacks of hay, unable to decide which was more desirable.

Seize, Mortals, seize the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies.

Life's a short Summer..Man's like a flower,

First he blooms..then he dies.

## MISSOURI MULES

In the early part of 1950, The U.S.A. Cavalry discontinued the use of mules. Automotive machines are to take their place.

During the summer season 119 Missouri Mules (sure-footed beasts)- and 18 stationed guides are required to handle "dude string" guests who chose to see Arizona's Grand Canyon from the back of a swaying mule. The Bright Angel and Kaibab trails lead down to the canyon for the steepest seven miles in the U.S.A. In addition to their daily treks up and down the steep trails with the sight-seeing tourists on their

# BLOOMING

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

## CREATIONS

GEO. D. PALCHER, EDITOR 2719 W. WISNIECKI AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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 --- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ---  
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### THE SAFE ROAD HOME



In July 1945, I spent my vacation in South Dakota, the home of "Friendly People", "where the sun shines every day", the State whose motto, "Under God the people rule" is really in evidence there.

To return home I got on a train at Selby. The war was still on, the train was crowded, hardly a seat was left for me. Fortunately I spied one being taken up by just one man. I asked him to move over so that I too could sit, which he did (after taking his good-natured time, and grunting like other hogs do). I sat down and spoke to him, but he answered me not... then I knew that he came from another state. Besides he got so mad that he took off his shoes to drive me away... for his feet smelled bad (he must have employed these tactics before). I had never smelled anything that bad before. There I sat wishing and praying for a different seat, for I couldn't stand it much longer.

At Aberdeen, the next stop, two ladies left the train, and I happily went over and took the seat they had occupied... but my joy didn't last very long (just like the sunshine that day) for at the next stop a big over-grown Dakota Indian got on. He was built like a gorilla, (even snorted like one through his nose). He had shoulders wide as an ox, wore a 15 gallon hat to further enhance his immensity. He placed a large paper carton next to me, then squeezed himself on the end of the seat nearly forcing me out of the window.

Then he started in a crude way to get friendly (in fact too Friendly). He showed me money by the handful, and believe me brother he had some hands. They were the size of a base-ball catcher's glove. He even offered some of the money to me, and when I refused it, he asked me to drink whisky with him. He had four bottles of it in his pants pockets. I wouldn't have any of that either. When he opened the box next to me and I saw it was filled with bottle-beer, and he said, "You are friend, drink all you want."

A man sitting in the seat ahead heard all this and turning around said (with a foreign accent), "I'll drink with you. I used to be an Indian too." After the Indian laughed this off for he took this remark to be rather funny, asked, "There in the world were you over an Indian?" "In the old country", was the answer. From then on he was the Indian's friend. They started the first bottle of whiskey, but before they could get it all down the conductor came along and took it away from them. They sat laughing until the conductor left, when they started another bottle and kept it up until all were empty.

I had gotten away from them before all this drinking started by saying that I had to leave... but I had spotted another seat. A very



SUMMER EDITION

JUNE, JULY &amp; AUGUST 1950

RECollections


# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

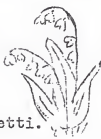
GEO. D. PALACHEK, Editor 2719 W. Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - QUARTERLY -  
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## HAPPINESS COMES IN PAIRS



This Blooming City..Milwaukee (The Cream City)  
seems to run in pairs. For instance; -



Here we have Beers...and some Shakespeares;  
Milk and Ice Cream; Cheese and Crackers;  
Sauerkraut and Kodel; Cassenpfeffer and Spaghetti.

In the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club we are not only blessed with two Margarets, two Esthers, two Georges and two sistes (The Draatz DUET) But also by two secretaries...one for the MAPC and one for the UAPA. And now the best of all (the cream) the sweetest married couple, Mr. & Mrs. Boehme. He edits the MAIL POUCH and she TIDINGS. Last time I wrote "What would we do without you George?" Now something like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky says, "What would you do if the Missus would throw out George with the whole shebang?" So now we'll have to shake hands with her also..."Two heads are better than one."

If the average husband showed more interest in his wife's business and hobbies (or vice versa for it works the other way too) the divorce rate would drop down to zero, that is almost. Then there would be real Happiness, Peace, Comfort and Joy forever.

Geo. D. Palachek

## LOVE

George Bernard Shaw, one of England's greatest (living) writers... also winner of the 1925 Noble Prize on Literatur, wrote "Only fools love one another."

Another person wrote (Shakespeare no doubt).."What fools these mortals be" when speaking of Lovers.

We that have love, and know what it is, have to forgive them for they know no better...they have only a warped mortal mind (which is nothing, yet they want to be something.) Their mind is opposite of spirit, therefore the opposite of God...therefore also to Love, for God is Love in the true sense of the word.

They like the fool said in his heart "There is no God". What think-est thou of these joy killers? Love is what makes the world so beautiful to live in. It is only certain people who make it seem ugly at times. It is better to have lost and lost...than not to have loved at all... for then we know what love is and can appreciate it and life more.

Geo. D. Palachek

X-PN 4827

#283

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. XII, No. 1

January, 1951

Price: for our  
pleasure

## Did You Know?

An Indian path became the first scheduled airplane route in America. An early railroad between New York and Philadelphia followed the path, and the airplane route, built in 1910, followed the railroad.

The liner Bermuda Monarch, originally built for luxury tourist traffic between New York and Bermuda, is now to be used to carry British migrants to Australia.

First recorded instance of a photograph being taken from an airplane was at Cenocelli, Italy. Orville Wright snapped the picture.

Among ancient books in the University of Oklahoma library's "Treasure Room" is the 1483-printed "Speculations and Confessions" of John of Westphalia.

All Navy personnel on active duty are forbidden to use their rank or rate titles in connection with commercial enterprises except to show authorship of published manuscripts.

From the ancient Phoenician port of Byblos on the Lebanon coast, which exported papyrus, the Greeks derived their word *biblion*, meaning papyrus scroll. And from *biblion* came the word *Bible*, the National Geographic Society notes.

The sound of a "moth chewing through a fabric" has been preserved on a phonograph record.

The exclusive fingerprints that distinguish you from all other humans are formed about four months before birth.

The name Toronto, of Indian origin, means "a place of meeting." The site was an established Indian rendezvous long before the coming of the white man.

Air express traffic in the United States runs predominantly to machinery, clothing, department store merchandise, advertising, electric supplies, printed matter, automotive parts and flowers.

X-PN 4827

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## Blue Skies

"Blue skies smiling at me; nothing but blue skies do I see."

Miami, Fla.

Fall, 1951

### Autumn Night

Beneath the diamond stars that stud the sky;

A crescent moon is poised above the rim  
Of distant clouds, the moments quiver by.

Away beyond the ridge a faint, sharp bark,

As dog gives tongue upon the frosty air  
And points the way across the pathless dark,  
To find the prey in his persimmon lair.

—Author unknown





# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

NUMBER 17

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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FARM NEWS, FARM VIEWS- by Aunt Lou.

"Backward-turn backward, Oh Time in thy flight."

How the hours fly and what numberless things we should be doing - and just can't be doing.

With help getting more scarce almost every minute, with so much that just can't wait to be done, farm folks are rather in a dilemma.

Harvesting has been carried on between showers and morning dews that are about as heavy as a good rain.

Canning is still the big item in the farm kitchen. What would you think of making sixteen gallons of jelly and fruit butter in one day or of canning one hundred quarts of fruit in a day? Those were the days of many hands making light work. Now I can the fruit without sugar in two quart jars, and make the jelly butter a little at a time. You have to shear your sheep according to the weather.

"Waste not, spend not", keeps reminding us that we must make use of everything Nature gives us. And that the saddest words of tongue and pen are the words, "It might of been".

Along that line we recently saw a beautiful display of flowers made by Geo.D. Palechek, father of Montrose's Lutheran Pastor. They looked so one felt as though they must be fragrant. But they were made from the lowly tin can and painted, then set in containers with scalloped edges that were most attractive. Mr. Palechek has another hobby...writing for the United Amateur Press Association, wherein he publishes his own paper called "BLOOMING CREATIONS". This takes him among old and new friends in Milwaukee which has been his home for many years. In telling about the humorous situations that come up in connection with the Milwaukee Club he is apt to get to laughing too much to do the telling. This speaks well for hobbies. Have you a hobby? If not, why not. It is never too late to start.

(From the Montrose Herald of Aug. 24th., 1951, by Mrs. Fred Finch, Montrose, So. Dakota

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EAST and WEST

Some members went East to Boston. I went West as in the past 10 years to spent my vacation in South Dakota..away from the noisy city..out where one can hear the heart of Nature beat..among the wild Sun-flowers, Roses and Cone-flowers. The cone-flower is called "Fairy's Torch" by the fanciful.

South Dakota.. "the home of friendly people" is inhabited mostly by farmers, following the plow (or sitting on it). I dare say they are closer to God than most city folks on their knees. Nature and religion are the bands of friendship. Meeting U.A.P.A. members out there was like being among Fairies (one-half woman, one-half dream). They were so divine ..no wonder we had such a wonderful time, enjoying our friendship together. One should call it by some better name for friendship sounds too cold for us highly educated people.

(G.D.P.)

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

GEO. D. PALACHEK, EDITOR

2719 W. WILMCKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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## EGGS ACTLY



Yesterday when Uncle Lou and I got home from Salem, where we had been with our ninety dozen eggs, I was thrilled by the light in his eyes. Before when selling eggs (on buying feed) there had been a different glint in those same eyes, and I had kept busy looking in the other direction. He kept repeating, "Fifty dollars for eggs. Well, well!" "Now look here, Hubby", says I, "don't be patting yourself on the back. It probably cost us forty nine dollars and fifty cents to produce those eggs."

To begin with, we had about \$300.00 invested in those chickens we had been raising since April. Then there is \$2.00 corn and \$1.00 oats that they eat steadily. There is the ground feed mixed with mineral and nitrate, the green-colored whey (that fools the hens into thing its Spring)-the laying mash for dessert, the oyster shell for teeth and shells. Yes Sir! if any chickens ever had smorgas-board so faithfully spread before them that these pullets have had, than any respectful hen of the flock ought to be ashamed to look herself in the face if she doesn't lay two eggs a day) instead of the one every other day).

Only once before could I have realized 60¢ per dozen for eggs, that was at Thanksgiving Time about 40 years ago. In those days Winter eggs were a rarity. No time clock turned night into day, like my hens now have.

I had exactly 1 1/2 dozen eggs in the house for Thanksgiving Day, when an old friend called up and asked to buy some eggs as there didn't seem to be an egg in town. "They are 60¢ a dozen too", said she. I swallowed once or twice, thought how pumpkin pie would taste without eggs in its make-up, and then said, "I'll send what I have to spare tomorrow. So Papa (Uncle Lou) carefully took the sack with the 90¢ worth of eggs into our friend's house. When he got in, Pete the D., (whose wife had called about the eggs) was asleep on the couch (I've always wondered if an Irishman could be guilty of playing possum?) So when his wife said, "I'll have to wake Pete up to get the change", good-hearted Papa said, "No, no don't wake him up, we can get it some other time".

Forty years is a long, long time. But they do say that "all things come around to him who will but wait." And yesterday I got 60¢ a dozen for the 50 dozen of the 90 dozen sold.

Aunt Lou

P.S. - I never did get the 90¢ for the dozen and a half.

Mrs. Lulu G. Finch



# Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

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Americans All

Volume LXXII

AUGUST 1952

Number 8

By M. L. Silvia

"Does that mean we can't have our game today?"

"What's the use—we wouldn't win—Ted is our best pitcher."

"Is he really sick?"

"They took him to the hospital at four o'clock this morning."

"Shucks! Just our luck!"

Three boys stood on the diamond, one idly swinging a bat, while the other two held the above discussion. The third boy had not yet spoken. Now he said:

"How about O'Reilly? He's a swell pitcher!"

"We don't want him—no one from Shantytown is in our club." Chet Baker, president of the ball club, was the only son of the president of Dixontown's only bank.

"No, we've got to keep our club exclusive," said Bert Greaves, Chet's shadow—and echo.

"Doesn't seem right," Bill Summers said, thoughtfully. "Mike is smart—he won the game for the school against Feltonville last week."

"He's probably working today, anyway," Chet's voice was less confident.

"No, he was in the drug store when I came by. I heard him ask Mr. Simmons if there were any errands he could do."

"Well, maybe we can ask him?"

Bert's question was directed at Chet alone.

The three boys started back toward town, Bill, silent, as usual, the other two debating the problem. Chet definitely did not want a boy from Shantytown on his ball

team. As they neared the Square, they noticed a crowd gathered in front of the post office, and several people were running in different directions. The boys started to run. "Mother! What's happened to you?"

Mrs. Chesterton DeWitt Baker was seated on the post office steps, supported by the postmaster, himself, while a woman was holding a glass of water to her lips. She smiled faintly as her son stood before her.

"Nothing has happened, son. The boys slid at a paper blowing in the road, just as I turned the corner, and they started to bolt. If it wasn't for an urchin who was standing on the corner—he caught onto the back of the carriage—worked himself around and over the dashboard and went right down the shaft between Belle and Beauty. Got hold of the reins and actually talked those horses into slowing down. I never saw anything like it."

"Movie stuff!" someone said.

"Who was it, mother?"

"I don't know—but I want him found." She sat up and turned to the postmaster. "Who was it, Mr. Knight? I have a \$5 bill here for him, if you find him."

"It was Mike O'Reilly," Mr. Knight replied. "But I think he has gone home now."

"I'll find him!" Chet Baker cried. "But he'll get more than a \$5 bill. I'm going to make him the new president of our club, and ask him if he will pitch for us this afternoon."

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 1875—D. R. C. ... Batavia, New York.  
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## AKELA\* AND THE MAN-EATING TIGER

By John W. Bare

Suddhu, the village headman, bowed low before Dr. Nelson.

"Doctor Sahib, Akela is alone in the jungle hunting your son's 'bais-bol'. Gone about a chuckert ago and not yet returned." His voice quavered.

"Dad," explained Jackie, the physician's son, "we were playing ball last evening when Akela hit a homer over the compound wall and down the Khudt. He cried about losing it, but I wouldn't let him go hunt for it in the dark; his father said the Man-eater had returned—oh, Daddy, hurry; he is the best pal I ever had!"

Dr. Nelson moved swiftly. A tiger wouldn't take long.

"Call your men, Suddhu; we go immediately."

A dozen villagers sprang forward, armed with mattocks, knives, and lathis. With his big game rifle over his arm, the doctor led the party through the gate.

The village lay in the Naini Tal area of the Kumaon district of the lower Himalayas where these beasts prowled. Butcha, Akela's pet terrier, ran sniffing and whimpering on ahead.

A man-eating tiger is a victim of unavoidable circumstances—his teeth becoming loosened and sore through age, or his claws worn or broken. Then he turns to more tender flesh—human. This one had carried away a woman drawing water at a spring, and devoured her.

It was toward this spring that the rescue party was converging—tigers grow thirsty as well as hungry.

Clear, recent tiger pugs showed in the mud around the pool under the waterfall. Jackie was speaking again.

"There's a cave nearby, Dad; Akela told me about it. He may be hiding in it—there it is!" he shouted and darted down toward it before anyone could stop him, intent on finding his pal regardless of what his own danger might be.

Just then Butcha gave one yelp of terror and raced back.

The doctor looked up in time to see a massive tiger crouched low ahead, and wriggling on his haunches to launch his spring on the approaching boy.

(Continued on Page 4)

\*Akela—the lonely one.

†Chucker—time to play a chucker

—20 minutes.

‡Khud—jungle valley.

§Lathis—clubs, poles.

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# BLOOMING CREATIONS

## "OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHEK, EDITOR 2719 W. MEINSCKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WIS.

MAY

Among our changing months, MAY, stands confessed, the sweetest, and  
is fairest dressed.

"It hath come to love us." -Heine writes, "then do the flowers and trees their blossoms don; and through the blue heavens above us, the very clouds move on."

May 11th is MOTHER'S DAY..the 30th is MEMORIAL, or DECORATION DAY, in most of our Northern States; in the old Confederate States it varies, being observed either April 26th, May 10th or on June 3rd.

## MOTHER'S DAY

Softly and often my thoughts go back,

Like wanderers over the timeworn track,

'To the time when I knelt at my MOTHER'S knee.

And she sang hymns at the twilight hours to me.

As she sang them over, her face grew bright.

As if God's City were just in sight.

And she saw the Angels, and heard them sing.

By the great white throne, before the King.

## MELLOW MEMORIES

bv

Betty M. TOUSCH (UNITED MEMBER)

The house steeped in memories of days gone by,  
Holds ghosts of happier times that seem to sigh.  
For youth and laughter that rang through its walls  
And tread of many feet on its worn stair-halls.

Before the kitchen stove is still the worn spot,  
Where our dear MOTHER stood over steaming kettles hot  
There's the old rocker too, where she used to sit and  
Watching from the window, old friends come and go.

Her lovely long fingers were still full of grace,  
As she sewed on fine things, such as linen and lace.  
The clothes hooks in the hall are bare,  
Remindful of cloths that once hung there...

To protect one from rain and snow,  
As out to the barn or garden we'd go.  
Its window eyes are now all shaded,  
Lonely and sad, it stands, with dreams all faded.

MAY 11TH

Mother's Day





# BLOOMING CREATIONS



"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

JULY 1952 NUMBER 25

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO.D. PALLCHER, EDITOR 2719 W. HEINRICH AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN

JULY 4th: Our National Independence Day. We of the United States should remember that what made our country Free and Great was the blessings of Almighty God. The open Bible, the fruit of the Reformation, became the foundation of our national liberties. The Christians of the past have made the largest contribution to the nation's welfare.

No nation becomes great, or righteous just by passing moral laws, but by the righteous actions of its citizens. Democracy is the rallying point of many who oppose the oppression of Communism. This Democracy however is often evaluated in terms of material advantages, of Automobiles, telephones, radio and television sets. Real freedom however, is infinitely more than these blessings. It may exist even without them. Daniel Webster's words should also be heeded today: "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering; but if we add our posterity neglect, its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

We are living in a disturbed age. Many dangers threaten our country. Our security and peace are endangered (from within and without), therefore Christian citizens will, and should above all, pray for our country and its security. It is still true that more things are brought by prayer than this world dreams of. G.D.P.

## AMERICA: BELOVED BY ME - Betty M. Tousch

- |                     |                    |                     |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. O Fairest fields | 2. O Forests green | 3. Molting pot      |
| O Sunny sky         | O Rivers long      | Of Nations great    |
| O Bluest lakes      | O Prairies wide    | Keep open wide      |
| O Mountains high    | O Wild birds song  | Your Freedom's gate |
| America:            | America:           | America:            |
| Beloved By Me.      | Beloved By Me.     | Beloved By Me.      |



## SUMMER

Summer is here, the sweet scent of flowers load the air. It may get very hot, and sultry, but the trees shall shade, and gales cool us from the noonday's heat - (if not turn on the electric fan or eat ice cream). C.G. Rossetti says, "Before green apples blush, before green nuts unbrown, Why, one day in the Country, is worth a Month in town." Go out in the country and look at the roses where they stand, for they fade among their foliage... they can not come and seek your hand. Summer time is out door time. Then the cushion of the editorial chair gets too hot, and thus the joy of writing doesn't stay. Like angel's visits short and bright the joy of writing takes wings and flies away. G.D.P.



X-PN 4827

#292

## BRIEFLY

Lauren R. Geringer, 1312 Keokuk Street, Iowa City, Iowa  
AAPA, March 1960 UAPA

### Well, I Tried

I wanted to have a photo-engraving of myself for this issue. But had to come down to an outline drawing. By the time I get it onto the stencil it doesn't even look like me.

I still believe that a picture engraved with heavy enough screen will show tonal

values on a stencil.

But 65 screen was the heaviest available, and the engraver would not

waste my money with it. I sent a photo

with plenty of gray and no solid black

to engrave as flat surface, and then

I outlined the features with pen, to

make some lines among the dots. But

when I told the engraver it was for

mimeograph, he sent

it back saying his 65 screen was too fine.

Does anybody know where one could get coarser engraving done? Why can't we have photos in these papers?

I know that a zinc engraved photo can be used to cut a stencil, used same as a shading plate, for I have tried it. But detail is lost in a fine screen. And pictures would have to be especially prepared as I have mentioned above.



Ye Ed

#293

## BRIEFLY

Lauren R. Geringer 1312 Keokuk St.  
UAPA Iowa City, Iowa AAPA

### Re-introduction

How many present members still remember The Commentator, Top Drawer or Montana's Grinner? Well, I'm the guy who laboriously handset them, and run them off on a side lever hand press. A lot of type has been set since then. Not for a while though. I'm in the professional newspaper game, where everything is done on too large a scale to allow for anything like little mags.

I've been watching the progress of mimeographed papers in amateurdom. Like any printer, I consider duplicating just a hasty substitute for real presswork. But rather than be inactive-- not having the facilities for printing nor the cash to have papers printed-- I am trying the mimeograph as a publishing medium.

In joining the duplicator crowd, I save my conscience by planning to try some tricks in stencil-cutting that, if they work, should add variety to the appearance of typed columns. Only time and experiment will tell whether I can make those ideas work. I would be glad to hear from other mimeographers, to know what they have tried, and what is practical and what is not.

For this issue I will stick to the conventional: Typing, and lettering with stylus guides. I am just learning this machine and will be lucky if I get a readable paper, without any special tricks to add to the confusion.

Let's hope I don't get discouraged with this issue!

# THE BANNER

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

INTRODUCING A NEW JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN  
THOUGHT, OPINION, AND COMMENT  
..V- INTO NAPA ..V-

## "I CONFESS MY FAITH"

by  
S/Sgt. Carl M. Halvarson

\*\*\*\*\*

The return of Carl M. Halvarson to the ranks of active publishers in NAPA is somewhat of an "event" in his yet young life: To those a.j. members who know nothing concerning myself or my past, my entry into active publishing will be purely a matter of journalistic or literary interest. Perhaps this journal will be viewed with curiosity—considering its name and general appearance.

But to my many friends in NAPA—to those who know of my past activity in it—the appearance of this new journal will probably be met with varied responses from all of them. Some will no doubt be surprised; others pleased (I certainly hope so) and yet, the majority will be frankly puzzled in being confronted with such a new journal of "Christian Thought, Opinion, and Comment." In short, the general response may well be:

"Carl Halvarson? Why, yes. I remember when he was quite active in NAPA—back in 1942. He published a little journal called 'Asmodeus'. I believe the last issue was June 1942. Shortly after that he went into the U.S. Signal Corps, and I guess the Army has kept him rather busy. I've heard him mentioned now and then in LitNews and the National Amateur, but he hasn't published anything for a long time. So to see him introduce a journal of 'this type' isn't quite what I thought he would. He seems to be a different person. A 'change' must have occurred in his life."

Yes, my friends, a "change" has occurred in my life—a change that has affected my entire life. And it is that change that I will tell you about in:

### Part One

#### THE REVELATION

Perhaps the use of the word "change" may indicate the nature of my experience. But the word that really describes my experience is simply "CONVERSION". The word "Conversion" may have a remote meaning for some; a profound meaning for others. Yes, it is true Paul and his apostles converted countless numbers of souls in the early Christian era; yes, it is true that many Gospel Organizations convert "hardened" sinners and other unfortunates in street and revival meetings. But for some reason

AUG 15 1962

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SOURCE UNKNOWN

JUNE 1

COPY

Vol. 1, No. 1.

# BOYISHNESS.

Crowded with Good Things for American Young People.

## An Exciting Entertainment.

BY PHILIP F. M'CORD.

Author of "A Dark Horse," "Saved by Tobacco," etc.

SOME months before the entertainment occurred a large, lonesome looking dog wandered into the village of Whetfield and took up quarters on Fletcher's back door step.

There was a noticeable lack of adipose tissue on his awkward frame, which would hardly cast a shadow; and that, together with a partially dissected tail, made him a canine of not a very prepossessing appearance.

But what difference did that make to Billy, the youngest member of the Fletcher household? To him every scar on that dog's anatomy represented a well fought battle, and thus he argued with his stuhhorn parents. Besides, were not dogs scarier than gold bricks in that vicinity?

And so "Fitz," as Billy aptly named him, finally became a fixture among the Fletcher chattels. Billy was the leading member of a crowd of boys who went by the doubtful title of "The Dirty Dozen," and as "Fitz" naturally became devoted to his young master he was almost inseparable from the afore mentioned 2 D's.

Never-the-less, at numerous times, "Fitz" was left behind when some had deed was undertaken which required noiselessness on the part of the boys. These restless boys had not scared up any fun for several days past, and life was beginning to be a burden to all of them. So when Billy suggested that

they raid farmer Hayden's peach orchard there was not one of them who was in the least backward about offering to accompany him. It so happened that Hayden was the only farmer in the neighborhood who possessed a demonstrative dog; but that fact did not deter the "Dirty Dozen" in the least. For, what would be the sense in stealing the fruit unless there was some risk connected with it?

That night proved favorable for the expedition and the boys, who had gathered an assortment of receptacles for the much desired fruit (one boy even carrying a pair of old trousers with the legs tied up at the extremities) started across country to commit the designed plunder.

On arriving at the scene of operation they did not waste any time, and had collected quite a quantity from the overloaded trees, when an unusual commotion was set up near the house and they apprehended that the dog had scented them.

Then what confusion followed! Just as "Shorty" Ruzby was astride the fence the dog seized him by the calf of his leg and held on as though it was a "good thing." "Shorty" thought likewise and a struggle followed for the possession of it in which "Shorty" used his sack of peaches as an implement of torture, and finally succeeded in getting away, minus some superfluous flesh.

The "Dirty Dozen" generally held their nightly meetings behind the blacksmith shop, so when they gathered there on the evening following

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B

#296

BBBBB B	B BBBB	BBBBB BBBB	B
B B	B B	B B B	B B in
B BBBB B	B B	B B B	B B (c) man
B B	B B	B B B	B B
B B	B BBBB	BBBBB BBBB	BBBBB BBBB

To Make Life A Little More Interesting for all ---

Vol. 2

June 1942

No. 1

"IF YOU CAN SAY"

PR 281944

You're rich if you can say,  
"I have friends to help along the way."

You're rich if you can say,  
"I have done a good deed today."

You're rich if you can say,  
"I have humbled no one today."

You're rich if you can say,  
"I know God, and I love his way."

You're rich if you can say,  
"All went well throughout the day."

You're rich if you can say,  
One of these every day.

- Al Magnuson



See Page 2  
Column 3 & 4!

# BROOKSIDES Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS



Issued Quarterly

ol. 1, No. 2

Winter, 1951-2

## XOTIC MISS WEST GOES FOR "NIGHTFALL"!

### OKS ISSUES THIRD BOOK; TREM MORE TO FOLLOW!

With this issue we announce the  
ance of a third volume in the  
in-gang production of book-  
lishing. "From Bed To Verse"  
a droll book of G. I. Verse  
at our adventures in World  
II.

clumes and volumes have been  
ten about World War II, unfor-  
table chapters in a tragic per-  
of World History. And as this  
written, our cherished deed had  
little time to settle tired bones  
overlasting peace, when above  
a man's inhumanity to man is a  
n coming to fore....

et, through all the strife and  
moil, the American people learn-  
to smile and even laugh at things  
are.... the G.I. with his deli-  
cious sense of humor; bravado and hu-  
militv, became known all over the  
-ld.

is... we traveled all over the  
-be, we bought souvenirs, took  
-tures, kissed gladly the girls  
- were willing and we wrote, we  
-tched and we sang of what we saw.

and yet there were some who leap-  
"from bed to verse" to pen their  
-found delights....

See page 2 for special  
offer and coupon to get  
this book!

### The Relations Between Noodles and Flour"

bert Einstein has never really  
ned to enjoy the limelight he oc-  
sies. The scientist often refuses to go  
atherings in order to avoid the  
n's gazes and endless questions of  
ther guests. On one occasion, upon  
insistence of a dear friend, he at-  
ed a dinner party and ran directly  
what he feared mostly.

lease, Professor Einstein, I won't  
er you much," pleaded one elderly  
an. "Just explain your theory of  
ivity to me. I won't ask a thing  
a."

nstein was amused by the enor-  
- of this question from a woman  
-ot even have as much as a  
- of scientific background.

"ou can cook, can't you?" asked  
professor, parrying the question.  
Why, of course!"

to you know how to make noodles?"  
'ertainly, I make delicious noodles."  
Vell, you understand, don't you."

### Book World



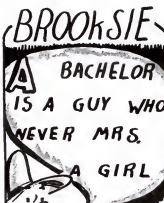
Some one took excep-  
tion to our request for  
review copies to be  
sent to us for review  
here. All we want is a  
look-see and we'll  
return same.

"Cherished Memories"  
by Pearl Benbow Aaron  
\$2.00. It is an excell-  
ent book of verse!

"Lady Godiva" by Joe  
C. Salak of Chi, 50¢.  
Another unusual book  
by this gifted author.  
"Rhythm Road" by El-  
isabeth L. Powers, \$2.  
She puts life in her  
verse.

"The Fabulous City"  
by Carolyn B. Bauman.  
No price. Contains  
only 3 poems, yet these  
contain a special mes-  
sage of philosophical  
nature.

Our own "From Bed To  
Verse" is now off the  
presses. \$1.00.



Exotic Miss Evelyn West;  
the \$50,000.00 Treasure  
Chest Girl!



### THE WIDER RANGE

by GERTRUDE BOSS

The story is told of a loaf of  
bread that fell from a baker's bas-  
ket. When it hit the pavement a  
crumb broke off and lay beside it.  
Almost instantly three sparrows  
made a swoop for the crumb.

When the contest was over two  
of the birds flew away without a  
bite while the third carried off a  
meager bite of a breakfast. The loaf  
was untouched in the frenzy. Only  
the crumb had seemed a worthwhile  
prize to the birds.

Just a little wider range of vision,  
and a little less greed, and each  
bird could have been more than  
satisfied.

The moral is plain. Men, like  
birds quarrel over trivialities, and  
in the heat of doing so let life's  
bigger, more lucrative prizes escape  
them unnoticed.

BROOKSIE IS HER  
FAVORITE AUTHOR

### "Treasure Chest Girl" CHRONICLE EXCLUSIVE

by Joseph C. Salak

Evelyn West, sensation of stage  
and screen has 24 wire services cov-  
ering her exploits since she first  
became a big-name in show business  
when she had her 30 1/2 inch bosom in-  
sured for \$50,000.

Brylgn's career started about  
five years ago when she was earning  
\$15 a week as a salesgirl. Today as  
an exotic dancer she is compensated  
with a \$2500 weekly income.

Tremendous fan mail testifies to  
her universal entertaining appeal  
and her personal letter collection  
is well over the 40,000 mark.

Besides being an artist of the  
stage and despite a demanding rou-  
tine she manages to keep up with  
the best sellers such as Brooks'  
"NIGHTFALL" and continues her ex-  
hausting educational program. Stud-  
ying for a degree in Metaphysics  
Brylgn's academic subjects include  
Hedonism, Aesthetics, Grecian Ar-  
t forms, Analytical Metaphysics,  
Dance Forms and Musical Studies.

Called the "original hubba hubba  
girl" and billed on theatre mar-  
quees as "The \$50,000 Treasure Chest  
Girl" Brylgn also has created a  
rip-cord slipper braziere and a tran-  
sparent bathing suit of plexiglass.

"I think Mr. Brooks' books are  
full of excellent humor, and a few  
of his poems are very serious in-  
deed", says Brylgn in a bookish  
mood.

### Anchor Found In Dry Lake

LONE PINE, Calif.-(AP)—A Ces-  
tury-old ship's anchor has been dug  
from the dry bottom of Owens  
Lake. The hand-forged, 400-pound-  
er was probably lost by one of the  
clam-shell bottom boats that ferried  
silver ore across the lake for ship-  
ment by mule train to Los Angeles.

A slip of the pen can cause a man  
a lot of trouble — so can a slip of  
a girl!

A spinster's birthday usually  
sends her into fits of subtraction!

### Notes To You!

Sport Notes: Once upon a time a  
poor fellow lost his amateur standing,  
and now he can't make a cent.





B

CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS!

# 298

# Boy's Herald

SINCE 1871

## SCOUTS AND A COUGAR

By Uncle Ben

Footsore and weary, the three boys clambered up the mountain with heavy packs. They had traveled since early morning, through the dense forest, an experience that they had been looking forward to for months. They were well aware of the fact that they were entering a country infested with bear and cougar, but what did they care? They were three nervy boys; each carried a camp axe at his belt, also a .22-caliber target pistol, and they defied the biggest of them to cross their path.

The first night out found them entering a deserted cabin at the edge of Lake Glen. It was built in the early heavy woods, in a hunter or trapper's camp, and he had located it just as close to the edge of the lake as he could get it, without getting out of the timber for a mile on both sides of the cabin was dense wilderness. The roof was still intact, the hinges on the door had since rusted away and the door leaned against the log walls.

The shalerock fireplace at one end of the cabin looked inviting to the boys. Without further inspection they tossed their packs to the floor and set about gathering fuel for the night before dark.

Later, after they had had a snack from the grub bag, and the fire was roaring, lighting up the entire cabin, the boys began further inspection of their quarters. They noted the pole ceiling above

their heads; small poles laid as close as possible, sometimes leaving a space of two or three inches. Through one of these cracks, they noted, was something dangling down, resembling a rope, and it was swaying back and forth, pendulum like.

Dick was the first to realize what it was; he let his eyes shift to the square opening to the loft some four feet from where the dangling thing came from between the poles, and there two balls of fire glared down at them. The big cougar lay there, ready for his spring, less than six feet from the three boys, and with nothing but target pistols for protection. They were frozen where they saw in the dirt floor for an instant, and then they acted. Mel and Jim rose quietly, the fire was roaring, Dick rose, examined his nine-shot pistol, and then—"Are you ready, boys? Grab his tail and hold on while I shoot!"

"Shoot!" Mel and Jim yelled, as they swung with all their might on the big cat's tail that hung between the poles. Dick pumped those nine shells right at the eyes of the cougar, fearing all the time that the boys' tail-hold might slip, and the boys held on for dear life, fearing the lunging of the cougar would never cease. But suddenly the big cat slumped over dead. Dick's shots had taken effect.

(Continued on Page 4)

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964

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MARCH 1952

Number 3

# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXII

MAY 1952

Number 5

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983

## MISER'S GOLD

By Wilfried Myers

A sloping sward; a row of sweet scented old-fashioned roses just before the green dipped steeply to the cultivated area that intervened between the house and the oats field. A well kept ash lane to the left showed the way to the road and the outer world. An old ramshackle house stood about 50 rods from the lane. Its yard was grown up but, nevertheless, it was a beautiful scene that greeted the eyes of William Turbin as he stretched and yawned after awakening from his nap in the hammock on the front porch of a well-kept farm house.

"Hum," he ejaculated at length. "Gee, I wish there was some excitement or something to do around here." He closed his eyes and seemed about to go back to sleep! One eye opened and—

"Hey, ma, old man Jones's house is on fire!"

"What?" called his mother from the kitchen as she stopped her work.

"FIRE! Miser Jones's house is on fire! Kin I go?"

"Yes, go ahead," answered his mother, her voice sounding nearer for she was coming on the run—excitement was rare indeed in the Turbin household.

No sooner had his mother given her consent than William was sprinting down the lane and across the field to the scene of the fire. A large crowd of farmer men and boys had assembled to help in trying to extinguish the flames. A bucket brigade had been formed by one group while another was try-

ing to remove the meager furnishings from the house. William spied one of his friends standing apart. "Hi, Joe! What say we go in and do some rescue work?"

Joe eagerly assented, saying, "O. K. Nobody's been in the basement yet. I'll bet that's where the miser kept his gold."

The two boys rushed for where they knew the outside cellar door to be located. Soon they were in its murky atmosphere which was made vivid occasionally by bright flashes from the outside and overheard. Joe's eyes were the first to become accustomed to the darkness and he gripped William's arm. "There's an old chest over here!" he shrieked above the noise.

"That's what we want," delightedly exclaimed William.

It did not take the two eager youths long to reach the chest. Soon they were tugging, half lifting, straining, jerking it across the uneven earthen floor of the basement. They struggled with their heavy burden up the old stone stairway and out into the glare of the flames where in a short while they were.

"Well, well, well, look what these boys have found. I wouldn't be surprised if that is what old Miser Jones kept his hoard in."

"Open it up!" urged several of the youths.

William looked doubtful. "Do you think we should?" he appealed to the group of several in general. "You know Mr. Jones hasn't been dead so overly long."

(Continued on Page 4)

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B

# THE BOYS' HERALD

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXII

NOVEMBER 1952

Number 11

Circulation:

991

## 'Twas Thanksgiving Day

By Alta Gowdy

Jim Bradley walked out on the street and greeted the cold, gray dawn on Thanksgiving morning. He had lost his job and was short of funds. Being terribly discouraged, he began wondering what he had for which to be thankful. Of course he was alive, and many people are thankful just to be alive.

In the breakfast nook at the cafe, he met a man with a broken arm. In an inexperienced way the victim was trying to devour pancakes and eggs with the use of one hand. Well, here was something for which to be thankful. Jim had complete use of both arms and had never had any broken bones.

He picked up a detective magazine that someone had left on a bench. After reading just one story he decided all over again that "Crime does not pay," and that he was glad he was not a fugitive from law.

Then he talked with a man who had only recently become used to his new set of false teeth, and was really enjoying them.

"Now, of all times," he told Jim, "I am cutting a belated wisdom tooth."

Jim was thankful again that his wisdom teeth were all cut, and that he did not need "store" teeth.

He saw a young man waiting at the service station for tire repair. Glad he didn't own a car, and that his shoe soles were still good for walking.

"Tire trouble wasn't enough,"

growled the young man, "so I had to snag a hole in my best trousers. Not very presentable to go to see my best girl."

Jim was thankful again that his wardrobe consisted only of overalls—not too good, and that he need not worry if he did happen to snag them.

It being Thanksgiving day, he kept thinking about the turkey dinners his mother used to serve at home. He was getting hungry, and thought he would find a place to eat. He decided that he liked chicken better than turkey, although a hamburger would do in a pinch.

As he dropped into an eating house, he put his hand into his pocket to feel how much money he had. Everybody was ordering a real Thanksgiving menu.

He sat down to one of the swellest turkey dinners imaginable, with stuffin', fixin's, etc. Again thankful for the blessings of a beneficent Creator, while wondering if he had enough money to pay for it all.

As he left the building, he picked up a little kitten on the street, cold and hungry. It was unwanted, and deprived of a warm home by a heartless master. Jim felt so much at peace with the world, after a full feed, that he cuddled the kitten in his arms and rustled a few scraps for the poor, bedraggled feline. Then, there were two thankful hearts where only one had been

(Continued on Page 4)

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#302.

# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXII

DECEMBER 1952

Number 12



The Gift Of Christmas  
Life wou'd surely seem most dreer  
Without Christmas Day each year.  
When our love for all mankind  
Spurs us on, bright gifts to find.  
Just as on That Christmas Day  
God His Gift before us lay.

M. E. Williams



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

APRIL  
1952  
\*\*  
NUMBER 22  
\*\*\*\*\*

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALSCHUK, EDITOR 2719 W. HEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN  
\*\*\*\*\*

April 1st. is All Fools' Day; the 6th. is Palm Sunday; the 11th. Good Friday and the 13th. is Easter Sunday: "He who laughs on Friday, weeps on Sunday!"-also, "If it rains on Friday, then also on Sunday"-perhaps that is why many of us dread Fridays-nevertheless April is the month of Showers. We need fresh showers for our thirsting May flowers.-G.D.P.

## RAIN-Longfellow

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all.  
Into each life some rain must fall.  
Some days must be dark and dreary!"

I LIKE RAIN - Betty M. Tousch (United Member)

I like a fresh and warm Spring Shower,  
That bathes each garden leaf and flower,  
And patterns crystal beads of rain,  
Upon a shiny window pane.

I like rain when its a slanting silver sheet,  
That curtains a green meadow with its rhythmic beat.  
I like rain when it swirls and rushes with a gust,  
Of wind, and washes clean and cools the heat of Summer dust.

I like to see the rain on Farmer's rich black earth,  
And the long straight rows of greens, give birth.  
I like to hear it stamp on dry leaves in the fall,  
Like fractions, fairy horses impatient in their stall.

I like a crashing, livid storm with a clap of thunder,  
Clearing to reveal a Sun-drenched world of wonder.

APRIL RAIN - Bob Loveman

"Its not raining" rain to me,  
Its raining Daffodils;  
In every dimpled drop I see,  
Wild flowers on distant hills.





B



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

JUNE 1952

NO. 24



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHEN, EDITOR 2719 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN

JUNE:—The Month of Roses. Pentecost on the 1st., Children's Day on the 11th., Flag Day on the 14th; Father's Day on the 15th; the longest day of the year on the 21st and Summer starts.

O RADIANT DAY! - - Betty M. Tousch

White diamond summer rain from the skies,  
Will match the sparkle in her eyes.  
And dainty apple blossom pinks,  
Will faintly blush her cheeks, - I think.

A lazy, powder-puff of white,  
Will be the only cloud in sight.  
And vaulted blue of the skies above,  
Will match the radiance of our love.

White roses with their perfume rare,  
Will be the Queen of the flowers there.  
And all the world will love us both,  
As this Day marks our Wedding oath.



## THE WEDDING OATH

"To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Dr. Paul Popenoe, head of the American Institute of Family Relations, writes, "Marriage between different faiths is two or three times more likely to end in divorce, than marriages of the same faith."

## LOVE

"Roses and Pinks, and Lilies there were found. Marvel to her and them who saw the same. All the sweetest flowers that grew from earthly grounds. But nothing that might rebuke or blame. What e'er is sown, in love (the loveliest deed) shall bloom and be a flower in Paradise." Anon.

## THE ROSE - R. H. Wilde

"My life is like a summer rose, That opens to the morning sky. But, ere the shade of evening close, Is scattered on the ground to die."

"That man may last, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom none can love, whom none can thank, Creation's blot, Creation's blank." - Thomas Gibbons.

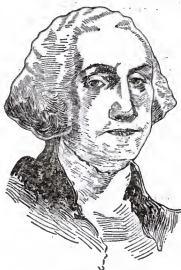
# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIII

FEBRUARY 1953

Number 2



George Washington

There was darkness and death when our country was born,  
With no friends anywhere to defend us, not one,  
With no funds, with no arms, and no future, forlorn.

In the face of fierce foes stood George Washington!  
At each Delaware crossed, and at each Valley Forge  
He defeated the enemies of liberty, son;

Sleeting storms, bloodied trails, or each icy gorge  
Mattered not to the faithful of George Washington!  
Steel-eyed and resolute, unconquerable, toll,

With an unflinching faith, and clear courage, he won  
Against traitors, the treacherous, the frightened, and all  
His own empty failures, did George Washington!

When victories crowned the end of our War  
He was chosen to serve as our President, son;

Our famous first leader—and there's nothing to bor  
You from helping our country like George Washington!

—J. W. Bore

# Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIII

AUGUST 1953

Number 8

## The Boy Is Father of the Man

By Nina Hard Crosby

"Hello, there, young man! For a newly-elected captain of a football team, you are looking pretty good." Thus Dr. Forrester, a professor of history in high school, hailed the young fellow of 18, who was coming down the street.

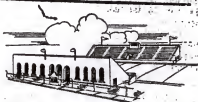
That "young man" smiled rather sadly and proceeded to unburden his mind. "I was proud, sir, very proud, when the fellows elected me captain; but something has come up that takes all the joy out of life. We've got a game scheduled for next week with Carleton High. And the team has refused to go through with it, just because one of Carleton's players is a Negro."



The boy's voice rose in anger. "Can you beat that, sir? What's the color of a guy's skin got to do with his being able to play football? We're all created by the same God, were we not? That makes us equal, doesn't it? Boy! Those guys make me sore!"

Dr. Forrester nodded sympathetically. "I know exactly how you feel. What are you going to do about it?"

Slowly the boy answered, "Well,



I've given this thing a lot of thought, and I've decided to have it out with the team this afternoon. They may turn against me when I tell 'em that I won't have any part in their kind of a deal. But it's worth a try. The way I see it, it's more important to be true to myself than to be captain."

Dr. Forrester shook his hand heartily. "Good for you! Go to it."

That afternoon the captain waited until practice was over, then entered the dressing room to announce his decision. His throat was dry, his hands trembled, but he swallowed hard and pitched in. At first he spoke quietly. Finally his courage mounted, and he stormed out. "I'm ashamed of every one of you! Pretending to believe in fair play and justice! Then—calling off a game because a player is colored. Better get yourself another captain—I'm through!" He stalked out and slammed the door.

The boys stood motionless for a few minutes—stunned. Then the quarterback, a big, earnest looking boy, said, "How about it, fellows? Let's call him back? I think I'd like to play the game his way!"

The others nodded silently. The quarterback ran to the door, flung it open, and shouted, "Captain! Come back! We're all with you!" His voice rang out through the empty corridor. "Come back, Ike! Do you hear me, Ike Eisenhower?"



### THE OLD WILLOW TREE

Well do I remember one evening in spring,  
When as children so happy and free,  
We stood on the bank where the green mosses cling  
Watching dad plant a young willow tree.

It was only a branch with a few tender leaves,  
And gave not much promise to live;  
But we waited with faith that young courage conceives,  
And the care that our tending could give.

We grew up together, shared heartache and joy —  
That willow, my brother, and I;  
There whispered our secrets as maiden and boy —  
Till we finally whispered "goodbye!"

The years swiftly flew, and the day came at last  
When again I stood under its bough;  
But it hardly seemed true that the twig of the past  
Was the sheltering willow of now.

The old home has gone as the years hurry by,  
And the land-marks have altered with time;  
But that old willow tree every change would defy —  
To stand there, majestic, sublime.

The branches our fashioning hands helped to mold  
Now festoon a broad city street;  
While the grandsons and daughters of playmates of old  
Now welcome its shady retreat.

The old home, though humble, indeed I have missed,  
With all that it tokened for me;

X-PN 4827

B

#308



Boys' Herald

Copy



Page 10



Page 9

# Special Recruiting Number



Page 11



Page 10

Volume LXXXIII

OCTOBER 1953

Number 10

## Eureka! I Got It! I'm Back in Business!

Some there may be who remember "Geringer Press" at Vida, Montana, and such publications as COMMENTATOR, TOP DRAWER or MONTANA'S GRINNER and so can understand my excitement



over having a press of my own again. More recent publications by mimeograph have been disappointments to me. Once a printer, always a printer, you know.

I got an ancient 8x12 Peerless Johnson and then some old news type, and here I am back hand spiking again.

The type I handle every day in the newspaper plant is machine cast, linotype and Ludlow, so this seems awkward.

Of course things are different from the days of the COMMENTATOR (published jointly with L. V. Heljeson). There is the little matter of increased population (four children) and other demands on my time. I do not know how often I can publish. But I am starting out bravely.

One good reason why I know I will not be doing too much amateur publishing is that every one seems to want a print job done as soon as they hear I have a press. Commercial rates are so many times higher than they used to be that I am surprised what people will pay for printing. Certainly I am cashing in on that.

### WHAT SHALL I PRINT?

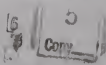
#### IN BRIEF

This 10 point type does not match Roman news logotypes, nor line up with news small caps. What is this? A Caslon?

*This entire journal was composed at the typesets without copy. Does it show it, in bad continuity or sentence structure?*

Like these ornaments? We've got all kinds of them, new and beat-down old-fashioned ones.





EDITORIAL  
GUIDANCE  
BUREAU

BULLETIN

M A Y 1953

\*-\*

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

HELEN E. MIDDLETON, EDITOR  
317 EXMOUTH ST., SARNIA, ONT., CANADA

MARIE HAND, CO-EDITOR,  
AKRON, INDIANA, U.S.A.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you died tonight, what would your life add up to? That may seem an odd question, but when faced with critical illness of oneself or a loved one, believe me, it's extremely important. Have you lived selfishly, taking what pleasure came by, not injuring others but not aiding them overmuch either, contributing only to the happiness of your own immediate group? Have you sinned by indifference, whether to the need of a neighbor or the welfare of your country? Even in your writing have you produced something to last longer than you do, something clean and fine and poignant, to be treasured when you are dust? Or have you wasted God-given hours in piddling trivialities, chaff that's forgotten before it's half-road? Think on those things, I beg you, and greet the dawn you're lucky enough to see!

- - -

During the entire month, one solitary inquiry has been received from a member! No markets at all, although we persist in asking that you send us names and addresses of those markets which are cordial to beginners. If this isn't a form of indifference, what is?

Marion Schoeberlein, 430 South 19th Ave., Maywood, Ill., is editor of a discriminating poetry magazine, "Fawnlight", sub.\$2.00 per year. Send her only your best.

- - -

Also, we are intensely interested in hearing of members' successes in writing, where they appeared in print, which radio station featured their work, etc.. Why not take five minutes and drop us a card telling us of these things so important to you?

- - -

Assignment for May: Write a letter telling us where you get your ideas for poetry, fiction, etc. How much time do you devote daily to writing? Do you work on a regular schedule, or by fits 'n starts? Share your experiences with us, and excerpts from best letters will be published here, and so help all members. Give yourself a shake, banish spring fever, and get down to business! We'll be waiting for your mail!

- - -

DO YOU JUST BELONG?

Are you an active member  
The kind that's liked you well  
Or are you just contented  
With the badge on your lapel?

Say! do you take an active part  
To help the work along  
Or are you satisfied to be  
The kind that just belong?

- - - \* - - -



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

SPRING  
1953

NUMBER

26

5

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2035 W. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISC.

\*\*\*\*\*

MARCH:-Slayer of Winter, art thou here again? Thy bitter wind makes  
not the victory vain, Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.

-Wm. Morris

Spring:-March 20th., Palm Sunday:-March 29th., Easter Sunday:-Apr. 5th.

MARCH

Ah, March! We know thou art kind-hearted,

Spite of ugly looks and treaths.

And out of sight, art nursing April's Violets.

-H. H. Jackson

## THE STONE

Besides our prevailing building stones; such as Sandstone, Marble and Granite, on Jan. 13th of this year I saw stone that was composed of a Blue Clay and Clamshells. It was at historical Old St. Augustine, Florida. The old town was surrounded by wall defenses made of this stone. Today the walls are gone, except for a portion at the City Gateway where the streets are still as narrow as our alleys. One is only 7 feet wide.

The old fort, The Castillo San Marcos, is the oldest masonry fort existing in the States. It dates back to the Spanish Colonial period. It was started in 1672, is a metrically shaped, four-sided structure, surrounded by a moat of water 40 ft. wide. Its entrance is across an old draw-bridge. The great walls are from 9 to 16 feet thick, all constructed of conquin blocks, a native shell-rock. These shells aren't any larger than one's small finger-nail. The huge blocks are cemented together with an Oyster-shell lime mortar. Beautiful arched casements and interesting cornices testify to the workmanship and imagination of the Spanish builders.

The fort contains guardrooms, living quarters for the garrison, storerooms, dungeons, and a chapel. Nearly all the rooms open on a court about 100 feet square. Some of these rooms have "Maiden-hair" ferns growing and hanging from the arched ceilings. This fort is not in use any longer but is kept as a National Monument. Though the Castillo was never captured, yet it has flown the flags of many nations. Spain surrendered the province to England for a brief period (1763-1783) but regained Florida at the close of the American Revolution. Finally in settlement of bloody border disputes, Florida was ceded to the United States in 1821.

Think of the aching hands and bleeding feet, of the men and women digging the shell and clay-stone formation in the quarry, laying stone upon stone, bearing the burden of the heat of long days, wishing that the job was done and have protection against aggressors.

-Geo. D. Palechek



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

JUNE - JULY  
1953  
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NUMBER  
27  
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"of words and deeds"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2035 No. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN  
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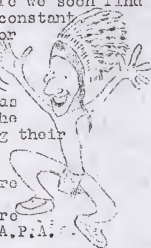
FLAG DAY - JUNE 14th. - "Old Glory". The flag famed in song and story. Long may it wave! The flag that never has known defeat! "Let's rally around the flag (everybody) rally once again, shouting the battle-cry of Freedom".

SUMMER - JUNE 21st. Also FATHERS' DAY - (Forget-us-not). "The wind sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime, as when some Master-hand exulting sweeps the keys of some great organ. Ye give forth the music of the woodland depths, a hymn of gladness and of thanks". - Bryant - (Remember this when you read about Florida's Singing Tower on other side.

INDEPENDENCE DAY - JULY 4th. - All that we have or know-This our fathers bought for us, a long, long time ago; when they fought for freedom. It still exists where the people also rally around the ballot-box on Election Day-thus taking care of the government.

U.A.P.A. CONVENTION - JULY 9th to 12th. (Attention "BUNDLE-BEES") The last convention here in the "Cream City" was good. So this one should be better. Milwaukee is a city booming in conventions. The first four months of 1953 it was the site of 136 convention groups. Some glamorous, and some like us. It's still time for you AJsers from the cities, the hillsides and the plains to consider attending. YOU ARE WELCOME! If we don't make new acquaintances as we go through life we soon find ourselves left alone. We must keep our friendships in constant repair. Moore says, "Oh call it by some better name, for friendship sounds too cold". The Reds call themselves Comrades. Frances Lois Vaughn writes, "Us BUNDLE-BEES".

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES - (Baseball) - Milwaukee County has built a \$1,000,000.00 Stadium and has joined up with the "BIG LEAGUERS". We have the former Boston Braves making their home here now. They are not real Indians, however. Hailing from Boston, no doubt they are Minfolks of the tribe that participated in the "Tea-Party". So now there 'gifts no more a Milwaukee Brewers' Team' and the old 'Borchert Orchard' is torn down. No doubt if Paul Revere still lived, he would be here, too ...anyway at our U.A.P.A. Convention. I think so, don't you?



Thanks to the writers that send in cards welcoming BLOOMING CREATIONS back. (On the firing line again, I'll try hard to do better this time).



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

-of words and deeds-

NUMBER 29

NOV.-DEC.

1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
GEO. D. PALLCHER, EDITOR 2035 NO. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN.

NOVEMBER 26th - Our National Thanksgiving Day... is a day to worship God and thank Him for the countless blessings bestowed upon us as a Nation and as individuals. "Our barns and granaries are full, our daily sustenance is sufficient, our homes are safe, and we have peace within our borders. Give thanks unto the Lord! Let never a day nor a night unhallowed'd pass. But still remember what the Lord hath done". - Henry VI.

## ALL READIED FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Betty H. Tusch  
3259 Madera Ave.,  
Oakland 19, California



Swirling snows make deep-piled drifts,  
And skies are blurred by white veiled mists.  
It wraps the world in ermine white,  
All readied for Christmas Night.

When silver sleet and blizzards glow,  
All snug inside the fires glow.  
There happy groups of families  
Gather around their lighted trees.

The topaz lights of church windows,  
Are glowing jewels, in shining rows.  
Their paths of gold across the snow,  
Draw worshippers who come and go.

On this one night, one can be sure,  
God's Love for Man was made secure.  
While all outdoors the stage is white,  
Readied, by God, for Christmas Night.



DECEMBER 25th - Christmas Day. Christmas changed everything in the world. It divided history into before and after. It led men out of the night into new and everlasting day. The hands of the Christ-child reached from the manger and took away everything but forgiveness and peace, and the new song in the weary hearts of man. Many men and women in our world today accept Christmas as only a swift light in the sty of our darkness. The Christmas Tree withers, the gifts are put away, the songs of the Season end, and they return again to darkness. They forget that they can have Christmas in their hearts always. May God grant that we may take its lasting joys along with us - out across the threshold of another year. MERRY CHRISTMAS & HAPPY NEW YEAR, TO ALL!

G.D.P.

# THE BARON BULL SHEET

#314



VOL. 2 NO. 2

APRIL, 1953

<p>THE BARON BULL SHEET is a publication of the Baron Bull Club, Inc. It is published quarterly and contains information of interest to the members of the club. The club was organized in 1947 and has since that time been working to promote the interests of the bull breed.</p>	<p>THE BARON BULL CLUB, INC. is a non-profit organization which was organized in 1947. Its purpose is to promote the interests of the bull breed and to provide a medium for the exchange of information among its members.</p>
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X-PN4827

January

No. 5

A NAPA PUBLICATION

#315

## *The Clarion*

### The Urge

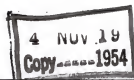
**W**HAT BRAVE MEN poets  
must be!

Nobody asks them to  
write poems, few even want to.  
Yet, spurred on by what fan-  
tastic urge only God and they  
themselves know, they con-  
tinue to toll after the apt phrase  
... the delicate line. They stub-  
bornly keep alive an art that  
is as old as language.

Phyllis McGinley

MAILED  
JAN 11 1935  
COMM





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# The Bookery

NUMBER FOUR :: FALL 1954

A National Amateur Press Association Publication

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Your Vice President offers

## AN INVITATION TO JOURNALISM

If you have never before been an amateur journalist, your membership in the N.A.P.A. will lead you to new fields of inspiration, pleasure, and fame. The fruits of your efforts are not fleeting but are placed in many establishments where printing is preserved for posterity. The Benjamin Franklin Institute, the New York Public Library, the American Antiquarian Society, and many other famous libraries contain collections of the works of our members, and are open to the public. What better pastime presents such great rewards?

Imagine your *own* words *set in type* and *printed* by your own hands! What a great exultation and pride is experienced when your publication is completed! The magic of the "printed" word will hold you in thrall or, to resort to the vernacular, "ink will flow in your veins." You will acquire the requisite skill, not at the start, but eventually. Setting type is fascinating, and as the printed sheets roll off

X-PN4827.  
B  
#317

# THIS IS A BARTLETT PAIR

.....

## DRIFTWOOD

5 AUG 25



I gathered some driftwood on the shore  
That an angry wave had beached,  
And noted how fair and white it was -  
How the sea and sand had bleached  
Till smooth as the face of a shifting dune  
That is washed by the wind and the waves;  
With an odor as clean as the bracing air  
That echoes through watery caves.

That surface, once splintered and rough to feel,  
Into graceful curves was worn  
And polished as though by a buffer's wheel -  
Like the gem from a jeweler borne.  
Might it tell of a tempest that flung it high  
As it rode on a white-capped foam  
From out where a blue sea meets the sky -  
Too far for the gulls to roam?

Was it swept from a wreck on a reef, remote,  
Or washed from a cliff-lined shore;  
Did some one toss it to watch it float,  
Is it part of a shattered oar?  
Is it cypress or cedar I treasure now,  
That the surf would gently lap;  
Or was it a hemlock's bitter bow,  
But purged of its poisoned sap?

How much we resemble the driftwood tossed -  
Battered and beaten and torn;  
When over the sea of life we've crossed -  
Softened and smoothed and worn.

(CONTINUED)

# THIS IS A BARTLETT PAIR

## CROWS IN THE CORNFIELD

"Corn, Corn,"  
He cries from his balcony  
Perched high on the branch of a nearby tree;  
"The farmer is planting corn," says he,  
"Corn, Corn, Corn!"

"Come, Come,"  
He calls to his flock of kin;  
"When he gets through, then we'll begin;  
And strip his cornfield bare and thin -  
Come, Come, Come!"

"Haw, Haw,  
He's putting a man in the patch  
With broomstick limbs and a top of thatch;  
He plans with us his wits to match.  
Haw, Haw, Haw!"

"Caw, Caw!"  
As soon as the farmer turns around,  
The flock swoops into the prize they found,  
And scratch the corn from the mellow ground.  
"Caw, Caw, Caw!" -Macie Bartlett.

## SANCTUARY



A sanctuary need not be  
A cloistered chapel far from strife;  
But some secluded privacy  
Among the busy marts of life.

A place where one may close a door  
And shut out scenes that jar and grate:  
To bar the din of traffic roar,  
And be alone to meditate.

(CONTINUED)



#319

### BATTLE CRY

O workers of the world, unite:  
Our labours to defend!  
What greater cause could we invite  
To serve our fellow-men?  
It matters not upon whose soil,  
Beneath what flag unfurled,  
It is for us who sweat and toil  
To feed and clothe the world!

What right have masters to demand  
Our homage as their due;  
Should millions slave at their command  
To free from toil the few?  
Are we content to make of use  
What they discard with scorn;  
While with the wealth that we produce  
Their idle selves adorn?

Should we for ages still insure  
Our course of endless dread;  
Can we submissively endure  
Our children's cry for bread?  
Are we not worthy of a share  
Of what our hands create;  
Or must we ever in despair  
Be beggars at their gate?

Should men be forced to shoulder arms,  
A neighbor to invade  
And lay in waste their shops and farms;  
In guiltless blood to wade

# The Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIV

MARCH, 1954

Number 3

## I'll Do My Part

By Art Rakestraw

The following incident was related by Albert Hines, director of the Madison Square Boys' Club, New York City:

A well-to-do New York family had been hard hit by the depression. Their investments were wiped out. Losing their city home, they moved to a modest little cottage in Connecticut. Their two boys buckled down to work, sold papers, tended furnaces, shoveled snow, and helped in every possible way.



One day, while playing in a quarry some distance from home, the younger boy fell and broke a bone in the foot, and the older brother carried him on his shoulders to the nearest hospital. It was not possible to reach the parents, and the doctor said that the fracture should be set at once.

Jim's first question was, "How much will it cost, Doc?"

The doctor told him, and among the items he mentioned was the anesthetic.

"Anesthetic? What's that, Doc?"

"Something to relieve the pain while we set the break."

"How much does that cost?"

"Well, we include that at \$10."

"Can't you set the break without it?"

"Yes, but it will hurt."

"Go ahead and set it without that stuff. My dad can't afford it. It's bad enough that he has to pay the hospital bill."

So they set the fracture without the anesthetic. When Dad heard what had happened, he hurried to the hospital.

"Why did you do that, son?"

"I felt bad enough about the fall, and how much money it would cost you. I told them I could stand the hurt. I'll always do my part, Dad."

Mr. Hines said that it was a dull gloomy day when he heard that story, and that it was like a ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds. There had been times when he had felt blue and discouraged about the Boys' Club, but that this incident vindicated all his efforts. It proved to him that boys are worthwhile, that there is a heroism which comes out when challenged, and that fathers can depend on sons who are trained to take responsibility.

X-PN+327  
#321

# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIV

JUNE, 1954

Number 6

## A Cowboy and an Indian

By Fred E. Bolt

If you wanted to contact Tony Westcott, you would usually find him, fourth row from the front, in the Granada Cinema. Tony chose the Granada, for you were always sure of one Western. Tony lived,



even in his dreams at night, with Roy Rogers, Hopalong, and other cowboys. Tony was 12 years old, and when he saw his first 3-D film, he did not flinch when arrows flicked towards him and grinning painted faces seemed to leave

the screen, and gibber before his eyes.

When the weather was too warm for the confined space of the picture house, Tony would seek the woods near his home and track the Sioux on his trusty, but imaginary Trigger, and though the scalps in his belt were only dried brown fern, still they might be the real gory thing to a small boy.

Once Tony played the role of an Indian brave, and still retaining the brown of the sun on his body, from a recent visit to the seaside, diverted himself of his clothes and wigged through the undergrowth, his open Scout knife clutched in his sticky hand. Unfortunately, when he emerged into a small clearing, he surprised a party of lady church workers who, with a blushing curate, were partaking of tea in picnic style. They gave

velps and spilled tea down best dresses when they saw on the bank above them a naked boy with a glittering weapon in his hand. The blushing curate valiantly gave chase, but the Indian brave soon vanished; meanwhile, the startled ladies restored their nerves with fresh tea.

After the above episode, Tony stuck to the cowboy character though he could not imagine Roy Rogers in shorts.

One Saturday he was tracking a war party and after scratching his bare knees with a very unfriendly thorn bush and getting a herdy tear in his shorts, he thrust his head through a bush and gazed down a road, which was too rough for motors. Suddenly he heard the sound of horse's hooves on the hard surface, and he told himself the Indians were coming. Tony knew it might possibly be a farmer or a member of the local riding school, but as the rider approached he nearly fell on the road, for there, mounted on a grey horse, was a real Indian, painted face, feathers and sheaf of arrows.

Tony was too amazed to hide; in fact, his foot sent a trickle of small stones skidding to the road. The Indian saw the boy crouched above him and drew up his horse. Tony felt his scalp tingle—he was no longer Roy Rogers, nor even Hopalong, but a frightened little English boy.

The Indian grinned at him like the one in the 3-D, then said, "Say, kid, how do I get to Bamham meadow? We've got the American

(Continued on Page 4)

# Publishers

- 1871-1875—Lewis H. English and Edward E. Hall, Jr., New Haven, Connecticut  
 1875—Will M. Pemberton and F. G. Johnson, Ansonia, Connecticut  
 1876-1877—Malcolm D. Mix, E. W. Onderdonk and J. B. Sewell, Jr., Batavia, New York.  
 1880—Charles G. Smith, Jr., and John Fisher, Buffalo, New York  
 1884—Edwin Smith and Lawrence E. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1885—Howell and Lawrence, Chicago, Illinois  
 1886-1887—Howell and Lawrence, Chicago, Illinois  
 1888—Edwin Smith and Lawrence E. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1891—Howell and Lawrence, Chicago, Illinois  
 1904-1915—Edwin Smith and Lawrence E. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1916—George W. Howell and Lawrence E. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1920-1944—Edwin Smith and Lawrence E. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan

# Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIV

AUGUST, 1954

Number 8

## Last River Showboat

By David H. Arnold

Showboating in this day and age is probably generally considered a thing of the past or nothing but a glorified image from Edna Ferber's immortal book, but to a few lucky students from Hiram College (Ohio) it is still very much alive. Each summer they offer towns along the Ohio River system their fare of old-time melodrama and vaudeville, playing to some 30,000 people during the annual 14-week season. With Capt. T. J. (for Thomas Jefferson) Reynolds of Point Pleasant, W. Va., at the helm, the famed old showboat, *Majestic*, and her towboat, *Attaboy*, sternwheel their way down the Ohio, Monon-

Operating Theatre," in the Hiram catalog. There are no classes for the score of young showboaters who comprise the company, but only the 24-hour-a-day experience of attending to every phase of a commercial theatre, from acting to mopping decks, from dancing in the vaudeville to lugging ice. Ey day, the villain is likely to be selling tickets, the hero and heroine to be on KP duty, or the piano player to be sweeping the auditorium. Something about it gets in their blood, though, for every year there are three- and four-year veterans who find they just can't stay away from showboat life.

Of the myriad craft of its type



gahela, Green and Cumberland rivers, from Louisville to Pittsburgh to Fairmount, reviving a bit of almost forgotten Americana.

The unusual project is college sponsored and run as a regular six-hour course in dramatics, non-committally listed as "Speech 230,

that once plied the rivers during the golden days of showboating 30 years ago, the *Majestic* is the only one still traveling. Cap Reynolds built the boat himself in 1923, patenting it after the larger Golden-

(Continued on Page 4)

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X-PN 4827  
5 OCT 29 1954  
B #323

# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXI/

SEPTEMBER, 1954

Number 9

## Nature's Acres

By Owen Penfield Fox

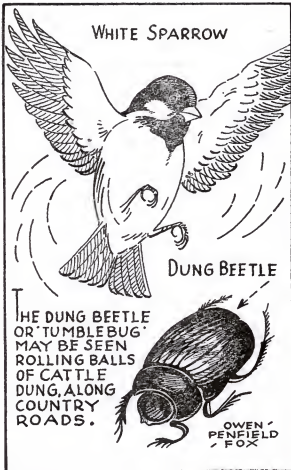
*Illustrated by the Author*

The noisy Sparrow may be heard almost anywhere and cannot be overlooked in any Nature Study. Its chattering is always loudest when annoying a songbird.

The Sparrow chatter I heard in an open field on a day in June was different than usual. In a clearing where the grass was not too high I came upon a dozen sparrows hopping about. And among them was one as white as snow which seemed to be the leader.

As I watched the white bird it would pick out another, give it a good flogging and strut about with its feathers puffed and go through all sorts of crazy antics. This went on for some time, then suddenly the white sparrow winged its way into a bushy section, followed by the

WHITE SPARROW

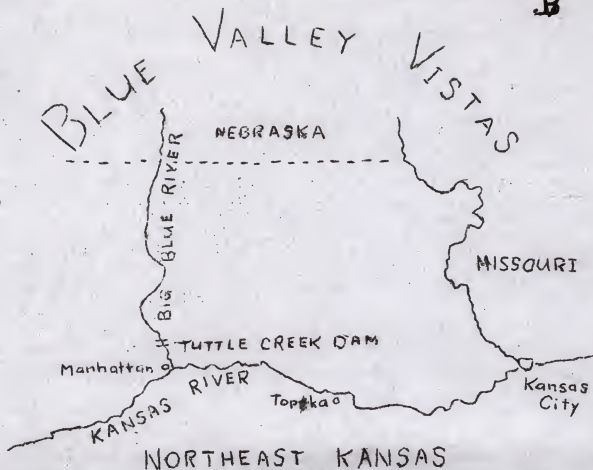


others.

(Continued on Page 4)

B

#374



U. A. P. A.

May 1954

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## THE VALLEY STRUGGLES FOR LIFE

A death sentence was pronounced upon the Blue Valley of Kansas sixteen years ago when Congress authorized the construction of the Tuttle Creek Dam, at the request of the Corps of Army Engineers. "Would there be any towns or villages destroyed or required to be removed by its construction?" a member of the Corps was asked in the hearings which preceded the authorization. "No", was his reply. How unfortunate that there was no one to challenge his statement!

Apparently no one was aware of the proceedings in Washington. The news came as a thunder bolt after the action had been taken. "No towns or villages destroyed." What a gross misrepresentation of fact! In the peaceful Valley of the Blue, there are nine small towns which would be inundated by the construction of Tuttle Creek Dam. And why did they call it "Tuttle Creek"? Was it to give the impression that only a small insignificant area was to be affected? Tuttle Creek meets the Blue at the site of the dam, but the term is a mis-nomer for it wouldn't dam Tuttle Creek, but the Big Blue Valley, where the tall corn grows on the most fertile acres in Kansas.

The Tuttle Creek Dam is a part of the Pick Sloan plan for the Missouri Valley. The estimated cost, according to the engineers figures, is 79 million dollars and the reservoir at flood level would extend for about fifty miles up the valley covering 55,000 acres. Many have seriously questioned whether any dam in the entire United States has ever before threatened such a vast productive area. Broad expanses of dark green corn, golden wheat stubble, and lush alfalfa are living evidence of the bountiful harvests of the fertile fields of the Blue River bottoms.

The question of appropriations arose from time to time, but because of widespread opposition to the project, no funds were voted. Then came the big Kansas River flood in July 1951 and the engineers were quick to seize the opportunity to press for

# BLUE VALLEY VISTAS

June 1954  
United Amateur Press Association  
Leona Velen  
Cleburne, Kansas

## NO SURRENDER IN THE BLUE VALLEY

"It looks worse in print," remarked a Blue Valley farmer as he studied the newspaper headline - "CONGRESS VOTES FIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO BEGIN CONSTRUCTION ON TUTTLE CREEK DAM". The radio message had dealt the first stunning blow to most of us on that fateful day in July, 1952. Then the newspapers confirmed the fact and brought us closer to the reality of what had taken place. It was not just a horrible dream. It had actually taken place in Washington. Most observers were ready to concede that the Army Engineers had finally succeeded in capturing the sturdiest fortress they have ever besieged - the determined resistance to the Tuttle Creek Dam by the people of the Blue Valley of Kansas.

It was generally assumed that we had lost the battle. Sympathies poured in from friends and interested individuals. There were kind offers for help with relocation problems. Newspaper editorials expressed the hope that Blue Valley leadership would not be lost, but that it would also be transplanted to other communities.

We had lost some ground. We had to admit that. Now the engineers could move in, secure property, and begin construction. But we had no intentions of giving up the battle. Democratic principles were at stake. Our country's resources were being squandered. If we could only tell the nation what was happening here, we could surely call a halt upon the needless destruction of our valley and other fertile valleys.

We wrote to editors and radio commentators. We aired our views in the public forum columns of the newspapers. We prepared booths for the county and state fairs. Our homemade booth did not look as impressive as the one exhibited by the Corps of Army Engineers - at the American taxpayers expense - but perhaps our modest homespun project served our purpose just as well. Our activities were varied and spontaneous. Everyone seemed to have ideas and plans for action and initiative to carry them out.

One afternoon a Blue Valley woman started this idea buzzing on the party lines, "President Truman is in Kansas City for a few days. Why not drive down there to talk to him?" Two days later nineteen women met at the Randolph city square at 4 o'clock in the morning. We were all set to drive to Kansas City to tell the President of the United States our views about Tuttle Creek Dam. He had not confirmed an appointment but we decided to go anyway. We would talk to someone - anyone who would listen. Perhaps we could get our story into the newspapers.

We were somewhat disturbed by the unexpected radio publicity the night before when it was reported that the Blue Valley ladies were going to picket President Truman at the Hotel Muehlebach. Picketing! We had never entertained such a thought! So we were determined to take every precaution against unfavorable publicity. We tried to enter the Muehlebach as quietly and inconspicuously as possible. We met in the lobby of the hotel across the street and then walked over to the Muehlebach casually in groups of twos or threes. And yet one newspaper reported that we were irate housewives who shouted and stormed into town!

We were thrilled when two members of our party were granted an audience with the President. The rest of us remained in the lobby surrounded by newspaper reporters and representatives of all the press agencies who were following the President. Here was our opportunity to talk, to answer questions, and to defend our position with regard to the Tuttle Creek Dam.

MAY - JUNE  
1954

#36

NUMBER  
31

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of words and deeds"--(from coast to coast.)

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - EDITED  
BY GEO. D. PALECHEK, 2035 No. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN, USA.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
MAY; - "Sweet May hath came to love us, Flowers, trees, their blossoms  
don; And through the blue heavens above us, The very clouds move on.  
Heine. "Lily -of-the-valley Month-"The lily of the vale, of flowers queer  
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun." - Bruce.

## WEDDING GIFTS

These wedding gifts I give this hour,  
To you, so that your love may flower.  
Nestled against the jewel in your hair,  
One white rose-bud for your wear.

To enhance the charm of your cologne,  
Lillies-of-the-valley, for you alone.  
Instead of an orchid boxed in town,  
These white lilacs cascading down.

For the pages of your prayer book,  
White pansies from my garden nook.  
For "something blue", what have I got?  
A tiny sprig of for-get-me-not!

For "something borrowed", I give to you,  
A smile, which you can give back too.  
For "something old", richer than lace,  
I wish for you, all of God's grace.



by

Betty M. Tousch  
3259 Madara Ave.,  
Oakland 19,  
California

MAY 9th:- MOTHER'S DAY. -"At the cross, her station keeping, Stood the  
mournful mother weeping, Where He hung, the dying Lord" - Anon.

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my Mother" - Abraham Lincoln.

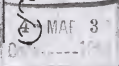
The largest portion of our children's education, whether for good or  
evil, is carried on at home by their mother's influence, and in most  
cases her love principle is stronger than the force principle. Child-  
ren seldom raise higher than the fountain-head of Mother's character.  
Occasional exceptions do not shake the solid certainty of this rule.  
"Show me the Mother and I will show you the Child" is a veracious max-  
im after all. - G.D.P.

"Youth fades; love drops, The flowers of friendship fall; But a Mother's  
secret hope outlives them all". - Holmes.

JAN.-FEB.  
MAR.-APRIL  
1954

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of words and deeds."



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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2035 NO. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN.

JANUARY:-The Opener. The blasts of January chill you through and through. Benjamin Franklin, Philosopher, Inventor and Statesman, born Jan. 17th 1706. Died in 1790. His last words were "A dieing man can do nothing easy"...

Byron writes, "Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven, calming the lightning which he hence hath riven". Philip Freneau said, "He seized from Kings their Sceptered Pride, and turned the lightning's darts aside". He thus was a forerunner on Electricity and didn't fly his kite just for the fun of it. "The body of Franklin, Printer, (like a cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding) lies here, food for the worms. But the work shall not be lost, for it will, (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by some author". -From Epitaph on himself, 1728. In 1744 he developed the Franklin open fire-box stove. About 1750 he made a real advance in heating, when he placed a metal jacket around a stove to form an air-heating chamber, from which heating pipes were led to the different parts of his printing shop to distribute the heated air. Thus he led the way, away from the fire-place to the development of the warm-air circulating system of today.

FEBRUARY:-The February sunshine stoops your boughs, and tints the buds, and swells the leaves within". -Bryant.

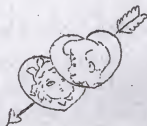
1st-Augusta (my sweetheart) Day. 2nd-Ground Hog Day, (6 more weeks of winter, if he sees his shadow) so they say. 11th:-Edison Day. 14th:-our National Valentine (or Lover's Day). Besides those February gave us two of the greatest men in our history, Lincoln, 12th, 1809 and Washington on the 22nd, 1732. Lincoln was a very plain and simple man, even as to dress. He was tall and (skinny) slim, so he wasn't very attractive either.

Back of our boys are Lincoln, Washington and the RED, WHITE and BLUE. Their work was well done, they were for human rights and liberty, and are entitled to the respect of all mankind....G.D.P.

## CHERISHED WILL

Our love holds all the sunset glow of rose and gold,  
Reflecting joys and cares, all shared not long ago,  
And in that radiance we bask, all silvered old.  
Each golden minute of that love was shared, along  
With purple clouds that shadowed shining hours.  
The joy of sunset years, as sweethearts still...  
And days of lazy luxury is ours  
Until the curtain falls, only to see  
New Dawn, as sweethearts will..

Betty H. Tousch,  
3559 Madora Ave.,  
Oakland 19, Calif.





# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of WORDS and DEEDS".

FINAL EDITION

NO. 33

A UAPA PUBLICATION

X-PN4827

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GEO. D. PALECHOK, EDITOR 2035 NO. 22nd ST., MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN -  
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"BON VOYAGE"- by George A. Roehm

Services for our Editor, Geo. D. Palechok, 71, were held Thursday, September 30th at the Nazareth Evangelical Lutheran church at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Palechok died Monday, September 27th after a short illness.

Mr. Palechok had been working on copy for his 4th Quarter issue of his paper, BLOOMING CREATIONS. Whatever copy we could find of his endeavor for this issue is herein presented. It may be likened to the "Unfinished Symphony" of Beethoven's, but its publication we know was his wish. Mr. Palechok was a life long friend of the family. We know him as a man of few words, a good listener, a deep thinker. One of his many virtues was his kindness, his charitable nature, secondary. He was a true Christian, and practiced his Faith, sincerely, honestly and with the fervent inclination to live within the laws of land and church. One of his proud possessions in life was the knowledge that his son, Albert, of Montrose, S.D. is a pastor in his faith.

Mr. Palechok, a tin-smith by trade, as a hobby, produced from tin, reproductions of most all known flowers and plants. Painted in natural colors they present charming evidence of his skill and love for flowers. From this hobby came the name for his Amateur Paper. Prose and poetry, famous quotes and opinions of great people filled its pages. It always had space for anyone who wanted some of their work printed in his paper. Those of us who attended the convention at Kansas City last July will recall his quiet reserve and attentiveness. What would be more appropriate than to print here his own 'creation' the hymn that now graces many a Hymn Book. (Incidentally the words were in his heart and mind, one morning after a dream, the music too, which we cannot reproduce here). The original manuscript is in the possession of his son, Rev. Albert Palechok.

## BLESSED JESUS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Oh, Jesus, blessed, blessed Jesus,<br>Wonderful Saviour of mine.<br>Oh, what do I want more than Jesus,<br>While here on earth I pine,<br>While here on earth I pine.  | 3. Here I am, He said, He said,<br>When He arose on Easter Morn,<br>Why seek ye the living among<br>the dead,<br>For Jesus my wonderful Savior<br>lives,<br>For Jesus my wonderful Savior<br>lives. |
| 2. Jesus is more than this earth to<br>me;<br>He gave His blood and died you see,<br>For me on the cross of Calvary<br>So that I'd be His own,<br>So that I'd be His own. | 4. I should not doubt, like Thomas<br>did,<br>But trust in my Savior's word<br>For surely then, I'll be with Jesus,<br>When called to leave this earth,<br>When called to leave this earth.         |

X-PN 4827

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#321

# BUDDY

THE MAGAZINE PAL

Number 6

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS

January, 1955

## *Poetry Is For Posterity*

*By Carla Patsuris*

The poet-voice is like a gleeful bird  
That even in the dark grows not obscure;  
Who listens, harkens to enchantment, stirred  
Forth into being—born for long endure.

The cadenced, dulcet-sounding metaphors,  
Like linnets, larks and wrens, one at a time  
Spill tuneful joys, and lyric orators  
Are moved to sing new song, compose new rhyme.

Music was made for singing! made to be  
Evolved through words from words (as tales of old);  
And always the chant for you or for me  
Must touch a dear note when again retold—

For echo-sweet; sweet from sweet prosy-theme,  
Matures recaptured through translation's dream!



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# Bayou Blossoms #330

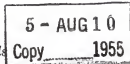
New Orleans, La.

Summer, 1955

## *The Bayou*

*In the Louisiana swamp lands  
Cool spring breezes blow the petals  
Of blue iris and white dogwood,  
Honeysuckle and magnolia,  
And the climbing wild moss rose  
On the slowly moving waters,  
Where they drift, like little dreamboats,  
In a rainbow-hued flotilla.*

*To a distant port of Nowhere,  
The lazy Bayou glides along  
To find the Gulf of Mexico,  
Where white-capped waves surge out  
beyond  
Caribbean Islands and the coral reefs,—  
There, to meet the Stormy Sea.  
—Wylma Georgia Heard*



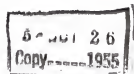
# Bayou Blossoms

New Orleans, La.

Fall, 1955

1755 -- 1955

*Heritage*



X-PN 48 27

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No Land

Is ever great,

Or hordes a golden store

Until its songs are heard in rich

Folklore.

—Wylma Georgia Heard

This Issue of Bayou Blossoms is dedicated to  
The Acadian Bicentennial Celebration of Louisiana.



1871-1875—Lewis H. English and Edward E. Hall, Jr., New Haven, Connecticut  
1876—Will M. Pemberton and F. G. Johnson, Ansonia, Connecticut  
1876-1877—Malcolm D. Mix, R. W. Onderdonk and J. B. Sewell, Jr., Batavia, New York.  
1880—Charles G. Steele, Jr., and John Fisher, Buffalo, New York  
1884—Edwin R. Hill and Lawrence H. Struening, Detroit, Michigan

[illegible]

Volume LXXXV

FEBRUARY 1955

## Number 2

By Fred E. Bolt

*Illustrated by the Author*

The Lion Patrol, of the Bixron Boy Scouts, were planning their holiday camp; but that needed money, so the boys had put a blackboard outside their headquarters, with these words chalked on its surface: "ENGAGE A BOY



SCOUT TO DO YOUR JOB AT A BOB AN HOUR." (A bob is an English slang word for a shilling.) They found people willing to engage them for running errands, light chores, or washing down a car.

One morning a gentleman called and asked the Scoutmaster if he would parade his lads as he had some very important work for one of them and he wanted to pick the

most likely applicant. Bobby Sanders was chosen, an 'intelligent' boy of thirteen. He could ride a bicycle, and was strong for his age. His Scoutmaster told him the address the stranger had given. That afternoon Bobby cycled to an impressive building and was taken by lift to an official looking room.

He recognized the gentleman, who was sitting near a desk, behind which was a stern, grey haired man who looked Bobby up and down, then said, "Yes, I think Mr. Prout, you have made a wise choice." Then he spoke to the boy, "You must clearly understand, my boy, that we are entrusting you with a very important job and you



undertake to do your best to fulfill it. I have here a sealed letter

(Continued on Page 4)

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COPY

1955

# THE BOYS' HERALD

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXV

MAY 1955

Number 5

## Drawing and Cartooning as a Hobby

By Frank Egner

If you're looking for a way to bring extra pleasure and enjoyment into your life, why not learn to draw simple pictures and cartoons? Now, don't give me that "I can't even draw a straight line!" routine. So what? Without a ruler, who can? You may be surprised to learn that there are only about a dozen fundamental rules to master before you find you're able to create a passable sketch. And for less than a dollar you can get books that will teach you these fundamental rules.

I'm not talking about art and

*Illustrated by the Author*

artists; if detail, composition and technique are what you're striving for, it will take years to achieve perfection. What I have in mind are the quick five-minute comic "funny pictures" that you can use to illustrate a particular incident, or dress up a letter, or pep up a party.

If you have a soft lead pencil and some scratch paper, you can begin right now. For a while, you'll stick to the simplest forms. Then, if you practice diligently, you'll see your work improve until you'll be able to visualize exactly what you want to portray with your pencil. Or, perhaps, in more permanent drawing ink.

I have found, in the more than thirty years I have been cartooning, that people like to receive funny pictures and especially when the cartoon depicts something concerning them. Avoid any subjects that may prove offensive and restrict yourself to cartoons of good, clean fun.

Practice will bring out many hidden talents in the cartooning line and you may even be one of those fortunate ones who can caricature to some degree, thereby making your cartoon characters resemble the persons delineated. Once you have developed this talent, you can look forward to some real fun. But, remember, never poke fun at another's physical imperfections and handicaps for the sake of a laugh.

Because writing and drawing are somehow inter-connected, you'll find quite a few members in A-Jay who are quite adept at sketching.



(Continued on Page 4)

# THE BOYS' HERALD

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXV

MAY 1955

Number 5

5 - AUG 10

1955

Copy

#334

## Drawing and Cartooning as a Hobby

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(Continued on Page 4)

# THE BOYS' HERALD

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXV

JUNE 1955

Number 6

## The Surprise

By Violet Marr Simpson

The boy patted the red and white cow. "Poor Lady!" he cried in pity. Usually the cow stretched out her neck to enjoy the caresses she got, or licked the boy's arm or his denim pants with her rough, scratchy tongue, but now she only looked at him with pain dimmed eyes.

Farm boys are early initiated into the mysteries of life. At 12 Roger had often helped to doctor a horse or "pull" a calf when a cow needed help. But this was different for Lady was his very own.

Roger had watched Lady grow from a calf to a 1,200-pound cow on the special feed mixes recommended by his 4-H leader. He had taught her to lead and to pose for the show ring. He could sit or stand on her broad back—she didn't care. Roger had experienced the thrill of winning a blue ribbon and a \$10.00 prize on Lady at the county fair. He had also known bitter disappointment when Lady's first calf was born dead. And now Lady was to have another calf.

Between chores that evening Roger ran a dozen times to see how the cow was getting along. At last, about sundown, the calf was born. There was a tiny "ma-a-a-a" from the calf and Lady got to her feet and began licking her offspring.

"Nice Lady!" Roger spoke to the cow as he rubbed the calf with an old sack. "You have a dandy bull calf. We'll take good care of your baby and maybe I can show him at the fair next fall."

The boy was exuberant. Both cow and calf were alive and well. And they were his, all his. But it was getting dark so he rushed to the house to tell the news. All evening he talked about what a good calf Lady had, how nicely marked and how well built it was.

The next morning Roger was up at 5 o'clock to go and see his cow and calf. As soon as he got in sight of them he stopped short. Oh, no! It couldn't be! He rubbed his eyes and looked again. There was nothing wrong with his eyesight. It was really true! Lady had not one, but two beautiful Hereford calves! The second calf was a heifer and the two had almost identical markings.

Nearly beside himself with excitement, the boy ran, screaming at the top of his voice, "Mom! Dad! Lady has twins! Quick! Get up and see Lady's twins!"

Any further sleep was impossible in that commotion so his parents hurried out to see the new additions to the herd. Lady had licked the calves until their hair lay in damp ringlets and their little faces and necks were a glistening white.

"Oh, Lady! What pretty babies you have!" the boy's mother exclaimed.

"Those are mighty good looking calves," Roger's dad told him. "Have you got them named yet?"

"Yes," he answered, "I'm going to call the bull Lady's Prize, and the heifer, Lady's Surprise."

Lady tossed her head and lowed softly. She was proud of these little creatures. And Roger was very proud of all three.

**Publishers**

1871-1875—Lewis H. English and Edward E. Hall, Jr., New Haven, Connecticut  
 1876—Will M. Pemberton and F. G. Johnson, Ansonia, Connecticut  
 1876-1877—Malcolm D. Mix, E. W. Onderdonk and J. B. Eywell, Jr., Batavia, New York  
 1880—Charles G. Steele, Jr., and John Fisher, Buffalo, New York  
 1884—Edwin B. Hill and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 Howard M. Carter and Lawrence B. Stringer, Chicago, Illinois  
 1885-1887—Howard M. Carter, Chicago, Illinois  
 1888—Edwin B. Hill, Detroit, Michigan  
 1891—Howard M. Carter, Washington, D. C.  
 1904-1916—Edwin B. Hill, New York, New York  
 1916—George M. Hill, New York, New York  
 1920-1944—Edwin B. Hill, New York, New York  
 Publisher: William B. Eerdmans, New York, New York

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#336

# Boy's Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXV

JULY 1955

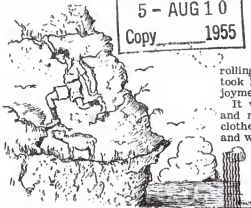
Number 7

5 - AUG 10  
 Copy 1955

## Tony's Rescue

By Fred E. Bolt

Illustrated by the Author



Sitting on his suitcase, Tony surveyed the open country from the little wayside station platform. He was the only passenger to alight from the slow train. He saw the name, Basildon Hall on the station wall, and compared it with the bustling platform of the terminus he had left that morning. A station cat came and rubbed against his bare knee, and as Tony loved all animals he stroked the bony body. Tony had an uncle and aunt living at Basildon, a cottage his mother had told him, perched on a moor, overlooking the sea.

His train had arrived ten minutes before time, which accounted for nobody meeting him. He had eaten all his sandwiches and cake and felt hungry. Tony was a big boy for twelve and the firmness of his leg muscles paid tribute to exercise in the school gym.

Presently the honk of a horn, from a car on the station road, made him look up to see his relatives waving to him. With a final pat on the cat's back, he seized his suitcase and was soon being conveyed to "Ivy Cottage" amidst

rolling groves and heather which took his breath away in sheer enjoyment of its beauty.

It was glorious spring weather and next day Tony discarded his clothes, except for bathing slip, and wandered over the crisp turf—



TONY

enjoying the long grass tickling his bare legs. He would sun bathe and, except for a farm girl, who gazed at him with amusement, evidently not accustomed to near-naked small boys, he saw nobody beyond rabbits and sheep. He loved to see the lambs leaping about and

(Continued on Page 4)



DEC 1 1955

BERT BAKER'S

# BULLETIN

#337

Set this Copy

Vol.III.No.10

50¢ per Year

Whole No.29. October, 1955

## TWO ANGELS

X-PN 4827

"Two Angels, one of Life and  
one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the  
morning broke."

--Longfellow

On October 11th, Edward L. Oleson passed away. My friend for the past thirty years, "Uncle Eddie" was guide and mentor to my philatelic footsteps. He was always at hand when the intricacies of my stamp collecting became too difficult.

Mr. Oleson was born on January 1, 1833 at Mazeppa, Minnesota of Norwegian parentage. In the next several years, the family moved to a farm near Montevideo, Minnesota. The farm is still operated by Ed's brother Martin.

In 1892, Ed's uncle (who was Postmaster of a nearby small town) brought a set of the then current Columbian Exposition stamps in the values from 1 cent to 30 cents to the nine-year-old lad. And thus was fostered a career in stamp collecting which spanned a period of 62 years.

About 1904, Mr. Oleson came to Minneapolis and attended a local business college. Upon his graduation, he became a clerk for the Gardner Hardware Company. Later, he went into the lumber business and rose to the position of Auditor of a branch yard at Lethbridge

x-PN 4827

B

0 - 20  
May 1955

BERT BAKER'S

# BULLETIN #335

5¢ per Copy

50¢ per Year

Vol. III. No. 9.

Whole No. 23 September 1955

## ON WORK

No one in this modern day and age should have to work for a living. Idleness is not a virtue and we must have something creative to take up our energy, both physical and mental.

The whole idea of working is repulsive, getting up early mornings to go to some task that bores. Going through a series of motions which are aimless and pointless. Being with people whom you can't abide and with whom you have no common interests. That is work. It never pays.

On the other hand, if you are eager to get to your job, if the associates are stimulating, time fairly flies. If you would like to spend an extra hour or two at your job:- Then that is not work, but simply a hobby. And you get paid for enjoying yourself, usually very well paid, because you are doing the right job for you. Sure, you are tired when the days' tasks are done - but there is satisfaction in your accomplishments. And next morning, you are anxious to be off for another thrilling day.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You crook! When you sold me this farm you told me I could grow nuts on it!"

"You misunderstood me--what I said was that you could go nuts on it."

5 - MAY - 5

Copy 1955

BERT BAKER'S

X-PN 4827 #39

# BULLETIN

5¢ the Copy  
Vol. III. No. 4.

50¢ per Year  
April 1955

Welcome t'ru our frien<sup>ty</sup> door  
But don't track mud upon de floor,  
Hang yore duds up nice and neat.  
Kick off 'de brogues if dey hurt de feet.  
He'p yourself to muh-office chair  
(Lessen' of course, Ah'm settin' there.)  
We'll gladly share a cig or two  
An' crack our Joosh wine fer you  
An' tell yuh all our corney jokes  
Cause we're mighty glad tuh have yuh, folks!

\*\*\*\*\*

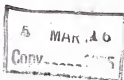
"Coffee," said my waitress the other evening, "to drink?"  
You should'a seen the look on her face  
when I replied, "Oh, no! After dinner I do  
a high dive for kicks!"

One thing about Diors' flat-chested  
mandate will doubtless distinguish the true  
from the false!

Good merchandisers find they can bid  
slow business farewell with good buys.

In the Good Ol' Days, women with holes  
in their shoes were broke -- not stylish.

If you wanna find out, Bud, as to who's  
the head of the house, just slam the front  
door at 2:30 A.M.!



BERT BAKER'S

# BULLETIN

X-PN4827

.B

5¢ the Copy  
Vol. III, No. 2.

50¢ per Year  
February 1955

Usually Ye Ed scurries around and pumps up a lotta stuff to pad out each of these outbursts. This time, we gonna let you kind readers take over and do the job for us. F'r instance:-

Charley Jones comes up with the following:-

"A good example of academic achievement is the young wife who can compute the area of a triangle - but can't fold nor pin one."

And Helen Mulls'

"To wear a daring evening gown

And not care how it clings;

A gal needs lots of courage,

And a couple of other things."

Jack Howard says:-

"The guy who writes the banks' advertising is not the man who makes the loans."

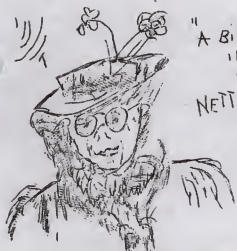
Lloyd Salisbury told a guy he'd shaved twenty-seven times last Saturday. The guy was awe-struck an' wanted to know if it wasn't hard on Lloyd's face. "Naw", said Lloyd, "I'm a barber!"

A friend is one to whom you can go when he is in trouble.

APR 21 1955

Copy

5



"A BIRD  
IN A  
NETTED CAGE"



# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH from the Mind and Hand of

#341

Georgene Alice Chamberlain  
266 North State Street  
Concord, New Hampshire

April 1955

Dear Friends, and Members of the United Amateur Press Association:

It seems, one must "blow their own horn", else the world is unobservant; But, my mother remarked, "that Good Deeds, were sufficient".

Therefore, choosing between two axioms the former seems the better of the two, to introduce writer to those most concerned.

I shall begin by announcing, that from childhood, I have been a Connoisseur in a small way, and a Collector, in a heterogeneous manner. First, it was a collection of Dolls, then, one of my school utensils: such as pen-knives, pencils, crayons. I still have the pen-knives and a few of the slate-pencils. Mostly throughout the fervor of Collecting, the Articles have been of unique interest, and of authentic background. To date, however, they have become a veritable Millstone about my neck, and I have requisitioned many wooden boxes to pack them away, after the proper labelling and numbering, for future historic value.

That suffices for one real big Hobby. My other interests, I cannot rightly call Hobbies, as I feel that they are in reality, God's great Gifts to me.

Confessing to being a lazy sort of individual, there are so many things that interest me, that I do not perfect any one thing. Thus, my Painting in Oils, on any Subject, get done only when I am in the mood. Then, of course, I love to sketch; do many original fancy Cards, for my Friends, and the Family. Aside from that, I have taught in the School for the Deaf. Had classes of my own in Dramatic Speech with Adults, and Juniors, too. Have had many Youth Activities to guide. I am most interested in the Blind, the Elderly, and those in Hospitals, and being a "Grey Lady", I like to make visits upon them, to try to bring a bit of Sunshine into the Twilight years. Have sung in a good many Church Choirs, and still like to warble. Then, too, God has been kind to me, in giving me a natural gift of remembering all the old Songs, which also, enables me to sit at the Piano, without the sheet music, and play for long periods of time. Not professionally, but I manage to outlast.

Photography is an interesting subject but almost too expensive with me. I get a colored film now and then and get some pretty good flash shots, and some plain black and white, too.

Housework. Now, that is a subject, that has not the least bit of interest for me. However, I will concede that I must live in some semblance of cleanliness, so I manage to wade through and give my abode, a lick and a promise.

B

#342

Busy  
Badger  
Burrow

OCT-5  
Copy 1955

Mary R. Nelson, Editor,  
4550 N. 24th Street,  
Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

September 1955 -Vol. 1

Greetings! Was so sorry I could not attend the Chicago Convention meet all the members again. Imagine my suprise when our newly elected president, Lawrence Doucette, made it possible for us here in Milwaukee to greet him personally. Despite our heat wave, we came out of our burrows and held several meetings during Larry's sojourn with us Badgers. Although cooked, fried and fizzleled, Larry did not lose any of his enthusiam for the UAPA. So, if he shows signs of being a hard boiled President, blame it on the Milwaukee weather.

Some of you have met our diminutive Margaret Larson. She is just as versatile as she is charming. Her experience as a kindergarten teacher has made her a good authority on children's poetry and stories. But we also enjoy her adult fiction. Come with me--- peek into my guest room. It is the Children's Hour!

# JUST FOR GROWN UPS

The world is so big,  
There is so much to learn,  
I find something new  
Every way that I turn.

And when I ask questions,  
I hear people say,  
I'm busy, don't bother  
Just run out and play.

I am going to grow big  
And sail off to a land,  
Where no grown up folks  
May set foot on the sand.

For if they com asking,  
They would all hear me say,  
I'm busy, don't bother -  
Just run out and play!  
Margaret Larson.

# JUST WISHING

If I had a penny,  
Do you know what I would do?  
I'd buy a bag of lemon drops  
And give them all to you.

If I had an airplane  
Do you know what I would do?  
I'd fly the fleecy clouds  
And take you with me too.

If I had a million roses,  
Do you know what I would do?  
I'd put them in a basket,  
And give them all to you.

If I had three wishes,  
Do you know what I would do?  
I would wish that everybody  
Had a mother just like you.  
Margaret Larson.

# HEAVEN

Before my soul was clothed in flesh,  
It must have seen God's Countenance.  
Why else would I speed through life's maze,  
Stumbling, plodding on in a daze?  
Except for that Devine Magnetic Light,  
Drawing me back to my own birthright.  
Mary R. Nelson.



OFFICIAL MAILER

MARY R. NELSON

4550 N 24TH ST MILWAUKEE 16, WIS.

5-DEC-1

X-PN 48 27

COPY

1955

B

#343

Busy  
Badger  
Burrow

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS PUBLICATION  
MARY R. NELSON, MAILING MANAGER  
4550 No. 29th Street  
Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

November 1955

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

## Autumn Wind

The Autumn wind scurries....  
Clattering down dormers and with  
Tentacled swoopings, rustles the  
leaves in their dying.  
Its feet are brown with tired grasses,  
It stops at the threshold...  
Lingers at the pane.  
The fog pushes it upward, upward..  
Until its moist fingers grope  
And cling to the slippery sill.  
Then it breathes slowly....  
Whining a rune or dirge....  
Seeking,  
Peering  
Through clouded glass.  
For What???

Perhaps it is searching for warmth  
And music it has never known...  
And never will.  
Despairing, it flows backward,  
Backward with a hush....  
A drifting of widening waters...  
A swelling lift  
Of the fog.

The Autumn wind dies quietly....  
Margaret R. Lohr.

## Winter Wind

The wind is a lion,  
I hear him roar.  
He rattles the window,  
And slams the door.

He whirls the snow,  
And piles it high.  
And chases the clouds,  
Across the sky.

The trees feel him blow,  
And they bend and sway,  
Right down to the earth,  
To get out of the way.

He hurries past houses,  
And on down the street,  
He howls with glee,  
If the rain turns to sleet.

And when all the people  
Hurry and run,  
The wild wind laughs,  
For he's having fun.  
Margaret Larson.

## Someday

Someday I'll build an airplane  
And fly far away.  
I'll sail across the bright  
blue sky  
And watch the clouds at play.

And when I am a pilot  
I'll travel all alone  
Away to the South I'll go  
And reach the torrid zone.

At eventide, away it flies  
To hide alone, from prying eyes.

If a human humming bird you find,  
Don't judge harshly --  
Just be kind.

Caroline Stittle.

I'll fly a hundred thousand miles  
To where the world begins  
And then I'll turn my plane around  
And fly right home again.  
Margaret Larson.

Note: Mail December Bundles Early..... Mary R. Nelson, Mailer.



# The Brooklynite

## TRAVEL IN TIME

September, 1955



A favorite picture of the Blue Pencil Club, publisher of *The Brooklynite*, shows, front row: Pearl Morton, Randy Jennings, Tillie Haywood, (Literary Director), Isobel Seger, Pat Jennings, Dorothy Plyley, Alice Cosine (President), Chauncey Plyley (Treas.); middle row: Maude Holden, Felicitas Haggerty, Valma Corey, Gracia Plyley Kather, guests Miss and Mr. Messinger; back row: Tessida Schwinges, Jeff Jennings (Editor of *The Brooklynite*, with a standing editorial policy in favor of Town hall, school, factory, farm, home and church, and an address of 209 Meadow Road, Smithtown, N.Y.), John Corey, Edward O. Dewing, Edna Hyde McDonald and Bessie Higley. Bill Haywood (Secretary), who took the picture, Ruth Kleiner, Alma Barnard and Burton Crane are not shown.

The Blue Pencil Club was founded in September, 1908 by amateur journalists, certain free lancers who write, contribute, edit, publish and print for the fun of it affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association, founded 1869 and mailing monthly to each member a bundle of various personally-sponsored journals. The Club itself is a mixed social group other wise presently or formerly gainfully employed as office personnel (4), journalists (3), school principals (3), teachers (3), lawyers (2), composer, lecturer and interior decorator.

Since 1908, the Club has met monthly, usually in a member's home. Meeting includes refreshments, business session and games. Thus for example, Alice doodles a figure looking something like this: u8u. Guesses at what it represents are made; suitcase waiting to be carried—Ruth; picture ready to hang on wall—Pearl; half a loaf of Italian bread on a table—Pat; croquet with a handicap—Jeff; boy with a sombrero hiding behind a fence—Maude; actually it was revealed as intended for—a trombone player in a phone booth toppled over.

Meeting highlight is the literary session affording similarly varying reactions to a previously assigned topic. Reactions come in the reading of a prose or poetry manuscript; pay dime if none; a winner in each category is picked by secret ballot. Guests are then invited to contribute; in fact you, the reader, are now our guest—will you not send the Editor a piece for reading at the

next meeting bearing on Travel-in-Time. Meantime, allow the setting up of a literary session as follows whereby the Club takes an excursion in time upon the celebration of its September-at-the-Haywoods birthday:

### Bessie Higley (*heritage*) . . .

Those lands of other times! How strange they seem to our longing eyes. Down the ages the nations have come bearing gifts for mankind. Sumerian Babylon . . . Old Egypt . . . the Hebrews . . . Greece . . . the Romans . . . the Conquest and almost a thousand years . . . Then, inevitably, came the rebirth of learning with inventions, discoveries. Year by year the world has become a happier place. We are the heirs of those other times, those other lands. They are not dead. They live in us.

### Valma Corey (*significant insignificance*)

In cosmic scheme, the world is a small place,  
An infinite speck in outer space,  
A whirling mass of mountain, sky, and sea,  
Deep gorges, plains, and rivers running free.  
Man seeks excitement in its far-off places.  
In age-old scenes and strange new faces.  
But of romance and beauty, adventure and gold,  
Only a little part of the world does he hold,  
A crocus in the snow, a robin at her nest,  
A young child's wonder, and sunset in the west,  
One lonely lofty peak, a bit of changing sky,  
A length of beach with waves pounding high,  
Long stretching days of dull flat plain,  
And sudden depths of swirling pain—  
Encircled in the growing heart's full store,  
All of the universe is here, no more.

### Ruth Kleiner (*live today*) . . .

I won't plan for a tomorrow,  
I will live from day to day.  
I might have to beg or borrow,  
Lacking wherewithal to pay.  
I won't plan for a vacation—  
Friends to see and trips to take.  
I may learn in consternation  
Plans are often made to break.  
Something dire may come up brewing  
Not too pleasant to the taste,  
Some catastrophe ensuing.  
I won't plan with too much haste.

### Peyton Walmsley (*jet dust*) . . .

I'd like to hover, dart and glide  
I'd like to chase the sun and hide  
Beneath a fluffy cloud, and then  
Come zooming out and up again.  
I'd like to skim the desert sands  
And then to leave the blistering heat  
Pull back the stick—  
Chandelle a million feet.  
I'd like to charge around the sky  
A thunderbolt jet—riding high,  
A spurt of flame, a lightning tongue,  
No sooner thought than come and done

# THE BUCKEYE Amateur

VOL. 7, NOS. 2, 3  
SEPT. - NOV., 1958

X-FM4827

COPY

MAR 1959

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An area of amateur journalism that is nearly always overlooked, and we fear intentionally so, is that of the inmates of our correctional institutions. The penal press issues some very fine publications and individuals in that category also turn out some high quality work. It is recognized that several have turned professional while within the walls of a public institution.

#345

A limited number of persons have recognized the possibilities within this area of our American way of life and have done something concrete about encouraging prisoners to devote their talents to writing especially.

The Robert Lindner Foundation is sponsoring a competition for both men and women in imprisonment for creative work in the fields of music, science and literature.

This competition closes April 15, 1959 with a top prize of \$100, a second of \$50; a third of \$25 and four honorable mentions in each class of \$10.

In addition the contestants are promised that "the Foundation will endeavour to acquaint the public with these works." This is a project that indicates there is interest in stimulating creative work by those within our prison walls.

The editor of this publication has previously expressed an opinion that the amateur press associations might consider the handicapped and shut-ins and even penal inmates for associate memberships if the hobby of amateur journalism is going to anywhere reach all the areas in which it can oper-

Holiday ~~~~~ Greetings

X-PN4827

.B

OCT 1

# 346

## BUCKEYE AMATEUR

VOL. 8

July-August, 1959



### A BUCKEYE INSTITUTION

One of the most unusual, thrilling and spectacular, sporting events for American teen-agers is an Ohio inspired and conducted event, the Soap Box Derby.

The time for this annual event is again upon us and as usual is scheduled to be ran in the city of its birth, Akron. Elimination winners from many of the nation's cities will compete for the scholarship awards and other honors.

The event is sponsored by an automobile manufacturer whose product is named for a great auto racer of another day, whose first name incidently is Louis.

Interested teen-agers compete in home-made racers that must meet certain standards and specifications to be eligible for the race. Power is supplied only by the momentum gained in coasting down the hill where the race is conducted. These lads spend many hours of preparation to perfect an entry that will meet the grueling demands of this competition.

Our own Buckeye ajayer, Rowan R. "Pop" White has been associated with the Derby since the days of its inception some years prior to World War II. "Pop" devotes his energies solely to promotion and public relations nowadays. This includes many showings of films of former races to interested groups.

The Soap Box Derby draws the focus of the nation again on the great Buckeye state.

X-PN4527

.B

5 - JAN - 4  
COPY 1959

DECEMBER, 1959

# Brannflakes

WITH MILK AND HONEY

## A Long Way From Kansas

Long Way From Kansas is an informal story of Sylvia Jean Brann's adventures as she became internationally known as "Professor" Brann after graduating from Pittsburg State College on June 1, 1959.

Her highest ambition since she began studying foreign languages — Spanish, Italian, French and German to date — had been to spend some time in South America teaching the Spanish peoples English to perfect her own Spanish accent. So she allowed herself to be hired by the Centro Americano-Cotombo on a teaching fellowship, which construed meant her job was to teach but three hours daily, English, 5 to 8 p. m., to adults in Bogota, Colombia, to earn the equivalent of a day's salary, and to attend to pursuing yet more languages, daytimes, at one or more Colombian universities. Expecting to be one of a few professors in a small and somewhat insignificant school, she was amazed to find The Centro equivalent to our universities employing 35 teachers, most of them young and from many climes. And whereas we'd been led to believe nothing but Spanish is ever spoken in Colombia, second only to Spain, The Professor was to begin enlarging her ideas even in Miami, where at least part of the huge air port was ornamented with Spanish signs and overrun by gallant Latins. Her major shock came on meeting a

Dutch family on the plane whose 10-year-old daughter spoke the equivalent of sophomore college English, also four other languages! Joyfully she wrote home: "Almost everyone handles several languages. I'm just sorry to remember how most of my homefolks know but one language. Here, in Bogota, I've even met a friendly deaf and dumb boy who reads lips in Spanish and English and now wants to try French and attend the University of The Andes next semester. He has written me two poems in prose. Just can you feature anyone reading lips in foreign languages?"

Ignoring a prospective bid from a Barcelona School of Languages, and asking — on the advice of Professor Pierce, that the University of Illinois hold off their 1959 offer of part-time teaching in the Spanish Department, Sylvia Jean was to receive a fine letter of commendation from the latter about her choice with the prospect of hiring her in 1960.

Armed with her B. S. from Pittsburg State College, bolstered by an unusual amount of newspaper publicity about her grades and honors through four years of college, she soared aloft and dropped behind a beautiful cloudbank via Ozark Air Lines at 12 o'clock, July 1st from Joplin, arriving St. Louis 3:45 p. m. Leaving St. Louis TWA 200T at 5:25 p. m., she reached Miami at 9:34 and

PROPERTY OF THE  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

SEPTEMBER, 1960

X-PN4827  
B

# Brannflakes

#245

WITH MILK AND HONEY

Bessie B. Brann, Editor-Publisher; 316 So. Holbrook, Fort Scott, Kans.

## In the Beginning

A limited number of teaching fellowships are available to American graduate students in English, Spanish, Latin American studies and Education, interested in doing research in Bogota, Colombia. Fellows will be expected to teach English as a foreign language to adults for approximately 15 hours weekly during the academic year. They will also be expected to attend a teacher-training course and a monthly teachers' meeting. Their remaining time will be free for research or classes at such local institutions as the Biblioteca Nacional, Universidad Javeriana, Universidad de los Andes, Museo Nacional, and others. . . . Fellows will be provided with round-trip air transportation from Miami, Fla., to Bogota. (The return trip will be contingent upon the successful completion of the year's work.) A monthly stipend is paid from the date of arrival in Bogota until the date of departure for the U. S. The Center has been successful in helping teaching fellows augment this stipend and will continue to assist those interested in finding additional income. . . . Fellows will be expected to arrive in Bogota prior to Aug. 1, 1959, and be expected to remain through August 1, 1960. They will be free to travel outside Bogota on weekends for a period of approximately one entire month from mid-December until mid-January. . . . Applications should include the following: (1) A

curriculum vitae. (Brief History)  
(2) A recent passport-size photo.  
(3) A statement of Selective Service status of male candidates. (4) Letters of recommendation from professors in the candidate's major field as specified above. (5) A statement if the candidate has completed a minimum of two years of college Spanish. (6) A short description of the candidate's academic purposes. (7) A college transcript.

Dept. of State, Passport Office, Washington, D. C.: (Quote) Application shall be made before clerk of a Federal court. Two duplicate photographs, both signed by the applicant and taken within previous six months shall accompany the passport. Proof of identity may be established through a driver's license. The fee for passport is \$9. Fee for executing application, \$1. Travelers are required to present a vaccination certificate proving immunity to smallpox, either by previous attack or by a successful vaccination within three years prior to their entry into the U. S. (We found that only certain studios take passport photos. We had already spent about \$30 for small-size pictures for senior year exchange and job applications. A dozen passports cost less than \$4.

It was, explained by the Clerk the stamping through pictures on passports is done, thus and so now, because formerly it was a practice to steal the book, substitute pictures and a thief was all set to ex-

SEPTEMBER, 1960

X-PN4827

B

# Brannflakes

#349

WITH MILK AND HONEY

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because formerly it was a practice

to steal the book, substitute pic-

tures and a thief was all set to ex-

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\*  
\* BUCKEYE BREVITIES \*  
\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Copy \_\_\_\_\_  
1900

With Odd Interludes

By Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar Street, Coshocton, Ohio

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

I'D LIKE TO BE A PREACHER

Oh, I'd like to be a preacher  
When they ast 'em out to dine  
And they put upon the table  
All the finest of the fine.

Oh, they pass aroun' the chicken  
Just as soon as grace is said;  
The pertaters and the gravy,  
And the butter and the bread.

Then they set 'em down some water  
And some coffee or some tea;  
Then they pass three kinds o' jelly,  
Then more chicken--my O me.

Then they pass around the sa'sage,  
Then they pass the ham and eggs;  
"Eat your dinner, eat your dinner,  
Take some more," the hostess begs.

And they keep on passin' vittals  
Till you think 'em nearly through;  
Then they pass around the peaches,  
Apples, pears and quinces too.

Then they bring the pie and cookies,  
"Take some pie, you really must,"  
And the preacher takes and eats it,  
Though you'd think he'd surely bust.

Oh, 'tis said they all like chicken,  
'Tis a thing they ne'er decline;  
So, I'd like to be a preacher  
When they ast 'em out to dine.

Oh, I'd like to be a preacher  
On a summer Sunday morn;  
When he stands up in the pulpit  
And spits out his spite and scorn.

If they don't pay their assessments  
Or don't be so very good,  
He stands in the best position  
To give advice a trifle rude.



NOV 18 1960



\*\*\*\*\*  
\* BUCKEYE BREVITIES \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

X-PN4027  
B

#351

Number 2

With Other Interludes

October 1960

By Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar Street, Coshocton, Ohio

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FLYING BLIND TO GLORY

In Thirty-Eight a Texan rounds the world  
In just a few days--two or three;  
England's king and beautiful queen  
Visit in France's gay Paree.  
But wait! reserve the headlines, page one;  
For down in Gotham drops Corrigan.

"Hello, I've made a one-stop flight  
From the Town of Angels," he modestly said.  
Up went sophisticated brows--  
Attendants said with a shake of the head--  
"Oh, yes, you did in a crate like that?"  
"Yes boy, I did, and I'll bet you my hat  
Against yours or your friendly frau's  
I'll return as I came to prove that I'm game."  
Said Corrigan.

So, Corrigan grinned and saw the sights  
But saved his money for secret flights.  
Dawn came on a certain day. Unseen  
Dubious Douglas was winging his way--  
To Los Angeles,  
With three hundred gallons of gasoline,  
A bottle of water, a candy bar.

But Douglas made a great mistake  
By setting his compass upside-down;  
West was east and east was west;  
To right himself he tried his best.  
Above the clouds he flew and flew  
Nor sight of prairie, lake nor town.  
The hours reeled off, eight and twenty;  
Douglas was thinking--thinking "plenty".  
"I must be near the old home town,"

Thought Corrigan.

Preparing to land, he glided down  
And saw the coast of an emerald isle,  
Yes, viewed the isle with a mischievous smile,  
Did Corrigan.

"Ever since Lindy's days", thought he,  
"The Emerald Isle I've wanted to see;  
And now by colossal blunder, I'm here  
With none but Uncle Sam to fear."



## BUCKEYE BREVITIES

DEC 7 1960

A metrical essay by Wilbur C. Lane  
Coshocton, Ohio

November 1960  
Number 3

\*352

## OHIO AUTUMN

This is the time when the purple evening haze  
Is whitened by slowly rising acrid smoke  
Of a thousand fires of smouldering turf and leaves.  
These days are not the saddest of the year . . .  
Now nature proudly drops her ripened fruits.  
Like Indian braves, the woods bedeck themselves  
In all the rainbow hues, in oils and pastels.

## II

Man and hibernating animals  
Store the fruits of the field and forest against  
The period when they will relax, to gather  
Strength for another season of fruition--  
The animal by sleep and man by musing  
Upon the errors of summer past, resolving  
To do better when next he turns a furrow  
Or seeds the soil. The cycle rolls as certain  
And truly as the planets in their orbits. . . .

## III

Out in the swamps the stump-topped tupelos  
Lift scarlet crests against a hazy backdrop  
Of oaks and elms that stud a far escarpment.  
The sassafras, capricious as a co-ed  
Rushing to a football game, flaunts  
Her mitten leaves along the fending fence-rows  
Where laden vines of wild grape drip with dew.  
Red as pippins checker-berries sleep  
On evergreen beds beyond the celery fields.

## IV

Slowly the quereus yields its rustyleaves.  
Along the gentle slopes magnolia trees,  
Whose mammoth yellow leaves conceal the ground,  
Drop scarlet seeds from knotty cucumber pods.  
Along the winding water courses clustering  
Capsules of bittersweet are ready to be  
Plucked and placed upon the mantelpiece,  
There to burst and unfold like gorgeous lilies. . .

## V

There is music over this bright and quiet land,  
As airy and light as the singing strings of Brahms.  
Swallows hasten in their journey southward.  
Winter residents, their warbled songs  
Of love abbreviated, find time for a few  
Quiet notes in secretive hazel clumps,  
Happy over the richness of nature that  
Has made them sleek and fat in anticipation  
Of winter's rigors. Brooklets eddy in pools  
And gurgle, creating rippling rhythm. Even  
Raucous crows, flapping lazily through  
The dusk to a far but definite rookery,  
Contributing strident but essential notes  
To the soothing symphony of our northern fall.

BOOKMAN'S  
BRIEFCASE  
-----

edited by A. P. Sweet  
Box 374, Dryden, N.Y.

No. O. Retrospectus.

"Charmed by your last B.B."

"I read this monthly letter  
with pleasure and interest, and  
once in a while I follow up your  
suggestions."

"I thoroughly enjoy 'Book-  
man's Briefcase' and would hate to  
miss it. You do a terrific job on  
it - as undoubtedly countless oth-  
ers have told you."

"I hope you know I enjoy your publication very much and would  
feel much distressed not to get it."

"I enjoy each and every issue."

These are just a few of the many (unpaid and unsolicited)  
testimonials and endorsements we have received from subscribers.

BOOKMAN'S BRIEFCASE is a four-page, monthly, mimeographed  
miscellany which began publication in January, 1958, with the  
following prescribed province:

It may speak of individual  
authors, or specific titles, or of certain types and varieties  
of books, or of sundry characteristics of books in general; it  
may discuss problems of authorship, or publishing, or bookselling,  
or book-collecting, or librarianship, or readership; it may re-  
late anecdotes, or reiterate platitudes, or relay news-items from  
the world of books; it will surely contain copious 'quotes' from  
our own reading; - but it will all be more or less directly re-  
lated to our business, our pleasure, and our prime preoccupation:  
Books!

Among the material contained in the issues which appeared  
during the first two years of this private publishing venture:

Essays on:

The art of the book-jacket.  
The preface as a literary form.  
Writing light verse.  
The commonplace-book.  
The reader as writer.  
The need for near-print publication.  
The manuscript market.  
The "familiar essay".  
The uses of the dictionary.  
The conversational book.  
Nursery-rhyme reform.  
Manuscript collections.

Choice quotations from:

Cyril Connolly.  
Philip Henderson.  
Walter Muir Whitehill.  
Logan Pearsall Smith.  
Viscount Esher.  
William Saroyan.  
David Pottinger.  
Gelett Burgess.  
Louis B. Wright.  
Jacques Barzun.  
Andre Gide.  
Alfred Kazin.

"Brief biographies" of:

Lawrence Clark Powell.  
Victor Hammer.  
Robert Gibbings.  
Albert Jay Nock.  
William Soutar.  
Gabriele D'Annunzio.  
Aldus Manutius.  
Peter Burnett Howe.

Notes on specific titles by:

C. S. Lewis.  
Joan Evans.  
H. F. M. Prescott.  
Felix Reichmann.  
Ruari McLean.  
R. P. Lister.  
Morton M. Hunt.  
John Dos Passos.

Plus: nineteen original verses by the editor, and sundry other  
notes, quotes, comments, and incidental intelligence.

Thus, you can surmise that BOOKMAN'S BRIEFCASE is:

X-PN4027

B

THE BEST  
BIRTHDAY OF MY  
ENTIRE LIFE #394

By Grady Graham,  
Route 2, Box 86,  
Seneca, South Carolina.

On July 1st and 2nd of  
this year, Maxwell G. Ot-  
ley and wife "Bob" from  
Monongahela, Pennsyl-  
vania, Ralph P. Lineber-  
ger, wife Dorothy, son  
Don and daughter "Cis-  
sy" from Lincolnton,  
North Carolina, Cecil D.

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.B

5 -FEB- 6

COPY

#153  
375



## OUTBURST TWO

### "WHAT IS FREEDOM???"

MUCH is being written and spoken about Freedom. There are contradictions; some of us become confused as to just what Freedom is. What is it?

Webster defines Freedom as "exemption from the power and control of another; liberty; independence."

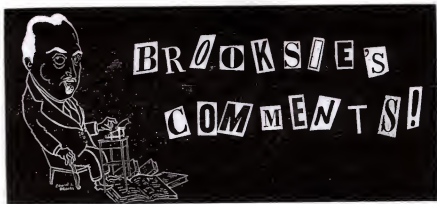
Perhaps the remarks made by Judge Learned Hand, one of our very great jurists, to a group of newly naturalized citizens on "What is the Spirit of Liberty" will answer the question. He said:

"The Spirit of Liberty is the spirit which is not too sure it is right; the Spirit of Liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the Spirit of Liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the Spirit of Liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded; the Spirit of Liberty should be in all of us—for we make up its spirit and in order to do so, we must be free, for free men mean Liberty."

To us, FREEDOM means that we can allow a great big over-grown bear, to rant, to rave, to be uncouth and bang his fists and take off his shoes. Could we get the same FREEDOM of Expression in his country???

To us FREEDOM means to walk the streets a free man and walk erect, as man was meant to do, or he would crawl on all fours like members of the animal world. Think it over! What does FREEDOM mean to YOU, and You???

EDITOR'S NOTE: We want to thank all the many readers of this paper who took the time to write to this editor and express their thoughts and comments on the first issue (Outburst Number One). We shall try to answer all our mail as time will permit. Be patient. Edwin L. Brooks



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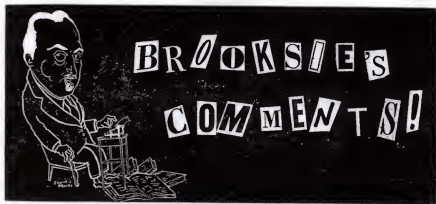
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BUCKEYE BREVITIES Number 10, October 1961.  
In memory of James Lane Bonham who died suddenly  
August 25, 1961, at the age of 44. This poem  
was written by his uncle, Wilbur C. Lane in 1921.

### S A I L O R S     T H R E E

Come, little Jim, sit on my knee:  
I'll tell you the tale of sailors three  
Who sailed away in a navy balloon  
And landed not a bit too soon.

In the early days of twenty-one  
Sailors three set out for fun;  
Not to explore the upper air  
But just to drift and land somewhere.

They took the ship from the great airdrome,  
On a Monday eve set out from home;  
The ship went off with its party gay  
To the north and west of Rockaway.

Oh, little they recked and less they cared  
Where they went or how they fared;  
Not even an overcoat had they  
Nor food sufficient to last a day.

The great balloon sailed slowly at first  
And then the storm with fury burst  
Upon the rockless sailors three  
As they skimmed along from tree to tree.

The great balloon seemed bound to alight  
With not a habitation in sight;  
No sign of human friend or foe,  
Nothing but forests, lakes and snow.

A dreary scene to be sure, but hark!  
Up came a frightened mongrel's bark;  
They knew that a human shack was near,  
For a while, at least, grew less their fear.

Sailors three made haste to land  
But clouds arose on every hand;  
The volume of gas increased with the heat,  
The craft shot up a thousand feet.

Quite soon the balloon to earth came back  
But not in sight of the human's shack;  
They landed in the top of a tree;  
The ship was doomed, but safe the three.

They quickly left the wrecked balloon,  
Hoping to find some succor soon;  
They tramped along from south to east,  
When night closed in, their travel ceased.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* BUCKEYE BREVITIES \*  
 \*  
 \*\*\*\*\* With Odd Interludes \*\*\*\*\*  
 Number 5 February 1961

X- PN4827  
 B #359

By Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar St., Coshocton, Ohio  
 Member of U.A.P.A.

-----  
 THE OLD HOME TOWN: A PARODY  
 (with apologies to Edgar Guest)

Some folks leave home for money,  
 And some leave home for fame;  
 Some seek skies always sunny,  
 And some depart in shame.  
 We care not what the reason  
 Men travel east or west,  
 Or what the month or season--  
 The home town is the best.

The home-town skies seem bluer  
 Than skies that stretch away.  
 The home-town friends are truer  
 And kinder through the day;  
 And whether glum or cheery  
 Light-hearted or depressed,  
 Or struggle-fit or weary,  
 We like the home town the best.

Let him who will go wander  
 To distant towns to live;  
 Of some things we are fonder  
 Than all they have to give.  
 The gold of distant places  
 Could not repay us quite,  
 For those familiar faces  
 That keep the home town bright.

HIBERNATING EXCEPTION

Hitler's  
 Intuition  
 Didn't tell him that  
 The Russian bear seldom, if ever,  
 Hibernates.

HIS INSPIRATION

Smoking . . . .  
 With him was never  
 A habit; but when he puffed  
 His meerschaum pipe, his ideas were ever  
 So clever

X-PN4827  
JUN 21, 1962  
#360

MAY, 1962



# Brannflakes

WITH MILK AND HONEY

## SHADOWED BY THE MONSERRATE

... "Wherever I am — it seems to be looming over my shoulder, beckoning, beckoning ..."

### VI

Bogota, Colombia, S. A.  
July 10, 1969

Your letter here and glad to hear from you. I am at the Centro, alone, waiting, as everyone has gone to lunch. Susie, the secretary, called. She has gone to a house to look at a room. I can have a private room for 450 pesos per month with all my laundry done and meals! The people are Colombian, live in a lovely home and will speak Spanish to my heart's content. This is about \$60 per month. Of course by time I pay taxis to get there and back, since it is far out, it will cost double that, I fear. I hope I can get on at the Andes but won't know for two months yet when Fall term begins. Maybe, if my money holds out, it's just as well I don't work elsewhere until then when I'll be better adjusted. Here I am drowsy all the time. I wrote you I was going to move into the apt., single, when Tamara moved out — well, they put the new girl in there and she will probably stay. I don't want to double up, especially here. I've had two letters from college roommate, Betty. She says she misses me so much she could cry and can hardly stand to think she won't see me for about a year and wishes she could jump in the envelope and come visit me; also a letter from my Fort Scott kinder-

garten teacher, Miss Mary, welcoming me to Bogota.

I walked all the way to the Centro this morning and was really out of breath when arrived. I just think I ought to take taxis to go anywhere, no matter what it costs. Everyone stares and tries to pick my pocket. Men wobble toward me — a fat one nearly knocked me down—and, of course I run for my life crossing these streets! Bob, young bachelor professor from New Hampshire, says they stare at him, too, and not only that but when they get past they turn around and stare after, which surprised me no end as I thought it was only women.

Met a lady who teaches Spanish here 9 to 10 a. m. She said she will give me lessons; this is free since I am a member of the staff at The Centro. I can reciprocate by teaching her more English. She talks Spanish so that I can understand her. Even if I have to take taxis here and back home several times a day, it will be worth it! I must sound crazy to other people but I'm so wild to use good Spanish, I must use every opportunity to perfect mine. . . . About coming here, yes, at times I feel brave but you know what I always said—WHEN YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, THAT ISN'T COURAGE, YOU GO AHEAD AND DO IT BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO AND THERE IS NOTHING ELSE. I

# BAMA VIEWS

Mable Guthrie, Editor

717 S. 42nd St. Birmingham 12

Phone 595-3821

#361

United Amateur Press Association Publication

January 1962 No. 1

Published for and by the members of 'Bama Writers Club, Birmingham, Ala.

The 'Bama Writers' Club was formed December 9, 1961, with the purpose of promoting interest in new writers and to issue a club publication for distribution throughout the United Amateur Press Association, headquarters in Milwaukee.

Mrs. Thom Henricks, chairman for the National Convention of the Uni-Writers' did fine acting as the chairman during the organization of a spirited group, showing marked capacity to grasp the opportunity for the association of ideas.

A charter and by-laws are being drawn up for approval by the club at its next meeting.

The club will meet once a month on the second Saturday, 2:00 p.m., at the Molton Hotel. A Dutch-treat luncheon will precede the meeting. Members of the club assessed themselves \$6 per annum, this including membership fee in the UAPA.

## CHARTER MEMBERS

Mrs. Lorraine Allbritton  
Mrs. Doris Capps  
Mrs. Grace Dorroh  
Mrs. Dorothy Drake  
Mrs. Mable Guthrie

Mrs. Helen Hanks  
Mr. Thom Henricks  
Mrs. Howard D. Lacey  
Mrs. Ruby Miller  
Mrs. Evelyn Moncrief

-----bv-----

December issue, Author & Journalist, 3365 Martin Drive, Boulder, Colorado, published a letter regarding the coming 1962, UAPA convention to be held in Birmingham, July 26-29, 1962.

## CONVENTION PLANS STARTED

Plans for the 1962, UAPA National Convention to be held in the Molton Hotel, Birmingham, are now being finalized. The convention committee has received a number of offers for tours; a large Southern College, a steel plant, two paper mills and a local Federal Reserve Bank has been offered by Bama Writers Club's secretary-treasurer, Helen Hanks. One feature of the '62 Convention will be a fashion show given by one of the city's leading women's

stores. We also have a choice of several speakers . . . a newspaper editor, a TV program manager, the editor of the Book Review section of a local paper and an advertising and publicity executive.

With these outstanding offers, the choice will be difficult.

The management of the Molton Hotel has promised outstanding meals and service.

That is all for now...watch the VIEWS for Convention planning.

Although 'Bama Views' is for the 'Bama Club, contributions are invited from UAPA members.

# 'BAMA VIEWS

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Evelyn Moncrief  
1225 12th St. N.  
Alfred S. Stanford  
617 4th St. S.W.

Editor  
AL 2-6806  
Co-Editor  
AL 1-7785

February, 1962

No. 2

From all reports, a fine program was enjoyed Saturday, January 20, when members of the newly activated 'Bama Writers' Club met for lunch and the first regular meeting of the organization. As you know, the meeting date was changed to the 20th because of the severe snow storm. Our usual date is the second Saturday of each month, and we will return to this schedule as of today's meeting.

\*\*\*\*\*

A. S. Stanford, better known to most of us as "Al," gave the members some very good tips for beginning writers and told of his recent assignment of writing garden and horticulture articles for several weekly newspapers. We are proud of Al and we are pleased that he has joined our club. On the masthead of this edition you will find that he is going to share the editorship of our 'Bama Views.

\*\*\*\*\*

February is Festival of Arts time..three whole weeks jam-packed with tours, shows, exhibits and events that are being presented by the people of Birmingham. Many groups enter into this wonderful plan to show what Birmingham has and what our city can do. Official opening of the Festival was February 2, and if you haven't enjoyed some of the fine attractions offered through February 24, then it's time to get started with "The Arts Around Us."

\*\*\*\*\*

If many of you failed to show today for lunch, we forgive you if you attended the BOOKS AND AUTHORS LUNCHEON today, Feb.10. We are also expecting some of our members to be prize winners in the many creative writing contests open to club members and the public.

\*\*\*\*\*

"The pen is the tongue of the mind..."  
.... Don Quixote

Many nice comments were received on the pensive, "Same Song," by Doris Capps..... and the stirring, "Summer Storm," by Lorraine Albritton. Pardon us, but your talent is showing... Just keep these back logs piled high so we can keep the home fires burning.. It has been said, "If you wish to be a writer, WRITE!"

\*\*\*\*\*

I keep six honest serving-men  
(They taught me all they knew)  
Their names are WHAT-WHY- and WHEN  
And HOW and WHERE and WHO!  
... by A Nonny Miss

(sometimes Miss Elaine A. Mouse writes for us too.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Associate Editor Al Stanford will "put his words on paper,; that is, the words he used in his talk last meeting, and copies will be distributed or his article will appear in the next edition of this paper. (He is now basking in Florida sunshine so we'll have to wait..)that's work ??????

\*\*\*\*\*

## BOOK REVIEWS

Book Reviewing  
by  
John E. Drewry

Published by The Writer  
Inc., Boston, Mass.  
230 page \$3.50  
John E. Drewry is Dean

of the School of Journalism, University of Georgia. Many of his excellent books are available from the University. He has also reviewed books for many of the leading publications. For the person who plans to do book reviewing, this is a Must... it takes the reader step-by-step in this field; and after absorbing his



### TIME RUNS OUT

The mind of man with God-like wisdom tries  
And would create and unknown spheres explore;  
He plumbs the depths and vainly probes the skies  
To bring to light fresh wonders never known before.

But all his seeking follows toward one end,  
Each new discovery pledged to hate and war;  
While claiming such pernicious trend  
Is self-defence — accounted for.

Their guns yet smoking on the barricade,  
And homeless digging out of wreck and rubble,  
With statesmen arguing of progress made;  
World peace wears thinner than a floating bubble.

We poise upon the brink of world disaster,  
One slight mis-step may plunge us to our doom;  
Destructive arms have now become the master,  
And human hearts are torn with fearful gloom.

With all our pride in scientific wonders  
And every thing that human minds conceive;  
The din of war throughout the world still thunders  
And conferences our trusting world deceive.

Men are not reconciled to leave unused  
Their newest weapons that will desolate the land;  
They play with fire, the power of might abused,  
Till earth may burn, and God must take a hand.

—Macie Bartlett.

\*\*\*\*\*  
A Sunday-school student defined a scandal as "when nobody does  
nothing, and everybody starts talking about it!" —Anon.



# THE BUOY

Number One

Philadelphia, Pa.

January, 1947

"T T"  
AKE EN"

--says your Editor

Take ten or fifteen minutes to think over the New Year's Resolutions you've made--if any. Now how many of the resolutions you made have been kept? How many did you break? The resolutions remaining, if any, are very few and easily kept.

Now we have an ajay resolution for you:

**RESOLVED:** That I will have a journal (or a contribution for a journal) in the February bundle and one in as many bundles as possible during the year 1947.

Take this resolution now: TODAY.

You were interested enough to send Treasurer Northrop a buck dues--you should have enough interest to help your officers build the better United they're trying to build--the more active United!

Haig Anlian, in his dual rôle of President and Mailer, is doing an excellent job. Incidentally, he's a member of the Joint Cooperating Committee of Amateur Journalism, too.

Vic Bacon is doing a very credible job as Critic. He is the association Critic reviewing the bundles of the three major associations.

As Official Editor, Mike Perlmut is giving you, a United member, one of the best organized Official Organs in ajay.

Wilson Shepherd is trying to do his best as Manuscript Manager, but he can't satisfy publishers when he hasn't the  
(continued on page two)

"I" C "H  
CONFESSING  
--says Willametta Turnepseed

When NAPA members are feeling superior (and when aren't they?) they dismiss anything childish with the remark, "That's AAPA stuff." And a healthy feud (such as Alf and I were indulging in with such abandon) brings yelps from Maine to California. But few line up for the scrimmage. It isn't dignified. My mail is full of comments, encouragement ("Let's you and him fight!") and reassurances; but that doesn't make fat bundles. Now the AAPA is different; feuds run rampant, and members attend conventions wearing bullet-proof vests and armed with tear-gas pens. And what happens? Bundles burgeon monthly, putting both other top associations to shame. Feuds are food for printing presses [or mimeographs--Ed].

I had all the ingredients in the United LitNews 246, but what happened? The president and several of the officers wrote me praising the article. Instead of rushing into indignant print, Gene Remignati wrote me a very reasonable letter. New member Esther Mallen's reply was a spirited defense, and what happened? I muffed it. Instead of adding fuel to her fire and encouraging her to further indignation I wrote her naturally--and lost a potential opponent. If UAPA wants bigger and better feuds I guess it will have to look to a more hardy protagonist.

And yet. I think wistfully, there's still time for some sturdy  
(continued on page two)

X-PN 4827



# THE BROCHURE

Vol. X, No. 3

DEC. 1, 1948

Price: for our pleasure

## Knights of Pythias Sponsors Essay, Speaking Contests

The details of an essay contest and a public speaking contest sponsored by the Knights of Pythias, were explained at the meeting of Bethel Lodge, Tuesday night, by Frank Robinson, Barre, grand secretary, Supreme Lodge of Vermont.

Grand Secretary Robinson described the rules of the essay contest, which is new this year.

### 'FREEDOM' TOPIC

Any boy or girl, born on or after Sept. 1, 1930, may compete. Essays are to be 300 words long, and written on the topic: "The True Meaning of Freedom."

Essays are to be submitted on or before May 1, 1949 to the secretary of the nearest lodge, which, in the case of Burlington youngsters, would be Benjamin Blau-man.

The best essay submitted in each state will be sent to the national judging team. Grand prize winner will receive \$250. Two second prize winners will be named, one from this country and the other from Canada, and each will receive \$125.

The public speaking contest is open to all boys and girls in the United States, Canada and Hawaii, born on or after Sept. 1, 1930, and to all regularly enrolled students in high schools or parochial or preparatory schools of high school rank.

K. of P. a \$1,000 scholarship and other cash prizes are to be awarded to winners of the essay and public speaking contests.

## Postal Rates Increase Jan. 1

WASHINGTON. —A wide variety of increases in postal rates will become effective Jan. 1, including a boost in air-mail letter postage from five to six cents an ounce.

There will be increases all along the line in the graduated scale of parcel post rates. The pound rate for sending catalogues and books also will be increased.

The special delivery fee, now 13 cents for first class and 17 cents for other types of mail up to two pounds will become 15 and 23 cents respectively.

The cost of sending third-class matter, which includes circulars, merchandise, catalogues, seeds and plants, will be boosted both individually and by bulk rate.

Increased charges will also be imposed on money orders and postal notes, and it will cost more for registering and insuring mail.

## Mind Your Rs and Ts

NEW YORK —Research by the Board of Education showed 45 percent of the errors which make writing illegible are made on the letters A, E, R and T. The most frequently unreadable numerals are 5, 6 and 7.

## Did You Know?

Australians drank an average of 15.9 gallons of beer each last year. It was only 11.4 gallons in 1939.

#263

10th Year of Publication.

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. X No. 1

March 1948

X-PN 4827

## HOBBY NO. 1 AMATEUR JOURNALISM

*Maybe you're one Of these persons?*

Many Americans have written at one time or another an article or poem or story just for the sake of getting their thoughts on paper.

### *Amateur Press Club*

Others have dabbled with a printing press in their homes, turning out journals of every description and size, either for themselves or friends. These papers are the products of a real free press ... saying what you want, with no strings attached.

### *Central Mailing Bureau*



### *Publishing opportunity*

These people do these things as a hobby—a diversion—something to pass the leisure hours. They are of all ages, from 10 to 90, and come from all walks of life—school kids and teachers, students, soldiers, doctors, lawyers, housewives, newspapermen, printers, tradesmen. Some aspiring youths become noted writers, novelists, journalists from the spark of training in this amateur journalism.

Continued on Page 2

## Annual Convention

U. A. P. A.

Sept. 2-5,  
1948

Wisconsin



## Milwaukee Amateur Press Club

Enquet - Blue Ribbon Hall - Pabst Company

Book Prizes - Outdoor Event - Literary Forum



GUARD  
POST  
NO. 1

PRINTING



ATTENTION!

Non-commercial And non-sectarian

MAY  
1948

BUCK'S

JUNE  
1948

Volume II Number 2

May and June, 1948

# ROCKET SHIP SEEN 4000 B.C.

SUBTERRANEAN ROOM FOUND IN PYRAMID PROMOTES INTER-PLANETARY SPECULATION

After four months of searching the pyramids of Egypt, Sir Grenville Westchester, a famed British archeologist, returned to England with a clue that might answer the question of life on other planets. Over 4000 years ago, ancient Egyptians saw and kept record of a rocket, very similar to the modern V-2. Today, centuries later, these records have been discovered by accident. Here, in his own words, is the account of the discovery just as Sir Westchester wrote it to me:

"Dear Mr. Haeseler---I was surprised and pleased to receive your letter asking me to relate my recent discovery. I shall be happy to do so for you and your QUESTIONMARK readers. I am writing this just as it took place, and enclose several photographs taken in the tomb.

"In February of this year, I was leading a crew of workers inside the pyramid of Pharaoh Karo-Enul (The last of the powerful Pharaohs) to collect pottery for the London Museum of Science. On this particular day we had gone deep into the inner chambers where the mummified Pharaoh had once lay. As in other pyramids, moving the huge stone casement uncovered a passageway beneath it, leading to a room filled with pottery. My men descended and (Con't, next page, Column one)

EDITOR'S  
CORNER



Charley Shattuck did an excellent job on the NA this time, even got it out early...best paper in the bundle was the April OUTHOUSE ESTATE, a really super job on the laugh-happy side...I enjoyed the "Three Foxes" story from the KITCHEN STOVE...and Congrats are due to Bob Carrier for a good CORN...learned all about recurrent blepharitis from THE KITTEN, and a broken parrot cage from the Junior CAT. (121 Burnside Ave. has gone intellectual) ...other commendable nags in the bundle were CAMEO, COMMENT (Especially the editorials), and STEPPING STONE.

OPEN LETTER TO CHAS. A. SHATTUCK:

When I went to see "Bloomer-Girl" I wore large, baggy pants. When I saw "T-Men" I wore a T-shirt. When I saw "Shoeshine", I wore new shoes. When I saw "White Tie and Tails", I wore a tuxedo. I ask you, should I see "Naked City", even if you are in it?

Want \$\$\$? Contost, last page !!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* If there is a gorgeous spec-\*  
\* men of feminine pulchritude\*  
\* 15 to 17 interested in writ-\*  
\* ing me (I'm 17), love to hear\*  
\* from you! Address, next page.\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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#264

X-PM 4827

THE BREEZELET

NO. 4

St. James, Md.

May 1948

UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES CAUSE  
WHITBREAD TO WITHDRAW FROM RACE  
AS SECRETARY-TREASURER CANDIDATE

---

It is with deep regret that I am forced to withdraw from consideration for the NAPA office of Secretary-Treasurer for 1948-50.

In the middle of last month, I was asked to run for this office, and, after considerate thought, replied in the affirmative.

Early this month, however, unforeseen circumstances arose which made it impossible for me to run. I have informed my sponsors that I have been forced to withdraw.

I apologize for this necessary but regrettable action, which was made unavoidable by entirely unforeseen events.

--Thomas B. Whitbread.

CHARLES SHATTUCK FOR PRESIDENT;  
HAROLD ELLIS FOR OFFICIAL EDITOR  
ENDORSED BY "THE BERKSHIRE BREEZE"

---

Through this sub-paper, "The Berkshire Breeze" hereby endorses Charles A. Shattuck for President of the NAPA for the term 1948-49, and Harold Ellis for Official Editor.

Perhaps Mr. Shattuck, as President, will be able to do away with such asinine and stupid idiocies as the Trust Fund, which is still being championed by Mrs. Matheson, our present President. When she calls the Trust Fund "a sacred hope of our dear dead Tryout Smith, which must be carried out in his memory," in words to that effect, she is playing on the heartstrings while overlooking the obvious and reiterated fact that such a plan would be senseless and unworkable for our organization.

Editor: Thomas B. Whitbread.

Typewriter: Royal Standard.

Stencil: Mimeograph 951.

VOTE "YES" ON AMENDMENT NO. TWO;  
REMOVE UNNECESSARY AND UNFAIR  
RESTRICTIONS ON LAUREATE CONTESTS

---

The present situation as far as laureate awards are concerned is distinctly undesirable. An amendment has been submitted proposing a change for the better.

I disagree with those who say that an equally onerous situation would result if the present constitutional limitation on laureate winners were changed. It seems to me that if a person has the ability to win a laureate award, and turns out a laureateship-winning piece of work, he should get the laureate award. If it so happens that one person gets the award twice or even thrice in a row, that should not discourage other entrants, who always have the chance of turning out a composition better than his. Suppose one writer wins the fiction award for four years in a row, you say. All that proves is that his was the best entry, and therefore everything is as it should be.

Artificial Restraint

The main difficulty with the laureate awards is lack of interest. When an artificial restraint is placed on those capable of winning laureateships, refusing those who win one year entrance to the contest in the next year, interest is taken away from the contests. The very fact that those who can produce good works are deterred from even trying to write them not only detracts from the interest in the laureate awards but also subtracts from the association's output of outstanding literary compositions, which is perennially almost negligible anyway.

Vote "Yes" on Amendment 2, and remove this unnecessary and deleterious restriction from the eligibility requirements for laureate awards.

X 4827

X-DN 4827

#266

*The Berkshire Breeze*

Volume 1

April, 1948

Number 12



*Special Deluxe Spring Issue*

X-PN 4827

#267

# Bill's Gat



NO. 1492  
SEPT., 1949

WINTER EDITION

DEC., JAN., FEB. 1949-1950

RECOLLECTIONS

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of Words <sup>and</sup> Deeds."

GEO. D. PALECHNIK, EDITOR 2719 W. HEBBECHE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
 "PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION."

\*\*\*\*\*

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

As I sat at the H.A.P.C. Christmas Party, Dec. 13th., 1949 with modern Writers and Poets, my memory went back some 45 years (in the good beer and free lunch days) when I ran into an old-fashioned poet, in a saloon on Grand Avenue.

This poet had long black hair, shoulder length, wore a stove-pipe hat (like an undertaker or chimney-sweeper) and a black frock coat. He would make or recite poetry to order, quote Shakespeare, tell a story, make a speech, or orate for just a glass of beer.

These glasses (or schooners as they were called) held a quart of the amber fluid and contained over 9% of alcohol. It was highly intoxicating, the influence of it would keep the poet a chattering like a music-box for about one half hour before he would need a refill. Then he would be good for another half hour.

There were a few places in town along our water-fronts where one could get two schooners of beer for 5¢. They were always filled with a rough and lower type of persons, teamsters, sailors and dock-walkers. A bad place for a gentleman to be in, if he still had any self-respect left.

At a Palm Garden one could sit at a table with respectable people, listen to the orchestra play, have a waiter bring over a small but good glass of beer for 5¢. If a glass of pure water (H<sub>2</sub>O) was asked for one found out that beer was cheaper for the price asked for that was 10¢, one reason we ordered beer. Hmm.

But Times, Places and People have changed (so have I) and now at the Christmas Party I see have the Poets by face and dress. Here this evening they seemed more like Angels in Heaven, all that might have been missing were white robes and wings. These lady angels were superior to the men present, not only by number, about 3 to 1 (not oil) but also in intelligence. They had us poor fellows beaten and all of this without a drop of beer.

\*\*\*\*\*

## WHISKERS

Santa Claus sure is important, that I see;  
 No one objects to his long whiskers,  
 Not even the ladies; Lord that should be me!  
 Uncle Sam has whiskers too, also lots of dough,  
 Some people take him for Santa--all year through.

\*\*\*\*\*



TANKA OF COMPARISON

In damoscene fields  
Blossoms the radiant sun;  
A blue fence backgrounds,  
In my grandmother's garden,  
A blazing helianthus.

Carla Patsuris

\*\*\*\*\*

THIS AND THAT

I am 80 years old-and want to vote. Personally, I don't see the necessity of so-called activity as a pre-requisite for voting.

I have been inclined to be of an optimistic disposition but at times I see only the hole in the doughnut not the whole doughnut.

Used to be said 3 ways to spread news- telephone, telegraph tell a woman, now we can add television.

There is nothing worse to my mind than to have nothing to do and plenty of time to do it.

Ajay activity has provided me with an outlet for some of my leisure since my retirement. I'm old enough to be a fossil in age but not journalistically.

'Some are born great, some achieve greatness' and others like myself have greatness thrust upon them-I'm a GREAT-grandfather.

When Wma met me at the Boston Convention she said she mistook me for a teen-ager. Well, I was me- once.

Listen in to radio daily. I realize if there were no 'ads' there'd be no big radio shows- but as the Scot is said to have done when listening to a Sunday service, he could turn off the radio when the collection box was passed. -Walter Vaughan

\*\*\*\*\*

Notes on contributors-

I found some of Walter Vaughans MSS from 1946-have taken from 3 of his entries. He's so very anxious to vote. (see next col.)

PACK PEDDLER

No sudden secret of the rippling land  
Is bared this one who finds no time to stand

In contemplation, daring for awhile,  
To pause his plodding of the endless mile;  
Who does not see the purple evening cloud,  
His shoulders burdened, his tired head bowed;  
Who misses, too, the sparrow's wildest note,  
His own thoughts louder than the sweetest throat;

Who has no leisure hour to waste for play...  
Growing shoddy, bitter, stooped and grey  
From walking in the circle Hunger sends,  
Knowing that a circle never ends.

Carla Patsuris

\*\*\*\*\*

AMATEUR THEATRE

Amateur Theatre is taken just as seriously as Amateur Journalism. In these fast moving days people are discovering how to "discover" themselves. These hobbies are mirrors that show a person what can be done and at the same time a person finds he or she can relax while working at something they used to hold as a secret for fear of being laughed at.

Today, one can contribute his or her spare time to the stage, writing or printing and the reward is a sense of fulfillment - of doing one's best.

Charlet B. First

\*\*\*\*\*

HERCULES

I see him standing there upon the grassy plains,

This handsome swain is heir- to beauty and to brains.

He's strong and dark and tall-  
His name is known to all.

When I lie to rest- His image comes to me.  
His stride, his mighty chest, Are plain for me to see.

He is so strong and fine!  
This baby bull of mine!

Marjorie Whitlow

\*\*\*\*\*

Carla Patsuris is an excellent poet- also a palmist and numerologist. She's my member.

Have typed this with a sprained thumb - or in spite of it.

Alexia

X-PN 4827



#270

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. XI, No. 2

June, 1950

Price: for our  
pleasure

## COINED PHRASE

Louis XII, of France, coined the phrase, "Let George do it." Whenever he wished to evade a distasteful duty, he permitted his faithful and obliging minister, Cardinal George, of Amboise, to do it.

## Did You Know?

More than \$3,094,000 in counterfeit money was seized in the fiscal year 1947-48 by the Secret Service. This was the largest amount ever seized since the creation of the Secret Service in 1865. More than two-thirds of it was made in Europe. The largest seizure was \$2,145,200 in a plant in Marseilles, France, where 12 counterfeiters now await trial. Other foreign seizures amounted to \$201,596.

## Questioned Unanswered

SALT LAKE CITY. (U.I.)—Supervisor F. C. Kozl of Wasatch National Forest says the forest service's season of silly questions has reached its peak for 1949. A serious-sounding woman telephoned his office and asked what kind of wood is the best kind to knock on to stay lucky.

## SAVAGE WORD

"Tabu" is one of the few savage words that have become a part of the English language. Captain Cook first discovered the notion and its associated customs at Tonga in 1771.

The English statute mile of 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet, is used in England and in the United States. On the continent of Europe most of the old miles of varying lengths have been replaced officially by the kilometer. One kilometer equals 0.621370 U. S. mile.

## BURP!

## Number 7

Suitland, Maryland

January 1, 1950

"Burps there a man with soul so dead . . ." —Anon.

Being herewith the first amateur paper of the second half of the Twentieth Century and of the years since the calamitous, dire, ill-starred, ill-fated, ill-omened, hapless, deplorable, catastrophic, adverse, disastrous, ruinous Shattuck Administration, the First. Gleeefully executed by Ralph W. Babcock and Victor A. Moitoret, with the indirect assistance of Vondy and a Greyhound Bus.

There's nothing like starting the New Year *right*—with a *Burp*. Vic phoned Friday night to inquire if there might be any chance of our getting together. It was a simple matter to get my return ticket from New York to St. Louis re-routed via Washington, D.C. At 6:30 a.m. the Lt. Cmdr. answered the phone with a hearty "Happy New Year!" Now, having caught up on the latest gossip, this gathering of amateur printers is properly adjourned to the cellar to *Burp* freely.

This Suitland, Maryland, home of the now-nameless Moitoret press is a fine brick one-story house with expandable attic and generous cellar-garage on a 75x160 foot plot verging on a wooded glen. If Vic has enough *ajay* visitors and doesn't succumb to too much home-finishing, this should develop into one of the activity bastions of the New Year.

The only shocking news this gadabout can spill is that there is or will be a December *National Amateur*—shortly. Po' of Judge Chas. moans that no one ever told *him* that the NAPA was broke. No one—certainly not the ex-Treasurer (who lives only a 5c phonecall or 10c subwayride from Shattuck—ever told the Official Editor—until the latter suspiciously commissioned Bro. Alf to investigate.

X-PN 4827



AUTUMN, 195

# *The* **BLUE OX**

*Number One*

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*By Peter Beilenson*

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25c

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY BEN HAGGLUND  
AT 3044 MARY STREET, MIAMI 33, FLORIDA

# THE BROCHURE

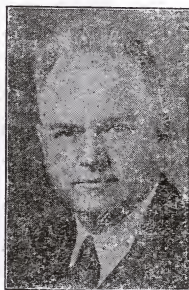
Vol. XI, No. 1

February, 1950

## Extra!! I. T. U. Supports Local Printers 18 Union Printers Sue For Breach Of Contract In Lockout

Former composing room men of The Burlington Daily News filed 18 cases to establish contractual rights. The case was entered in Chittenden County Court today by Atty. Joseph A. McNamara.

Morris Gerber, editor of The Brochure, 186 North Winooski Avenue, one of the compositors said "Justice will triumph", as Washington said "Truth will ultimately prevail where there is pains taken to bring it to light". See pages 2 and 3.



WOODRUFF RANDOLPH  
President

International Typographical Union  
(See pages two and three)

### Crude Motion Pictures

The zoetrope, a toy revolving cylinder with slits through which a series of pictures were seen in apparent motion, was invented 30 years before the motion picture.

### Lots of Drawings

Between 10,000 and 20,000 drawings are used today for a 750-foot short film in the animated cartoon field. In early days, only 3,000 drawings were required.

### Brings Note to Teacher

William Beveridge, attending Indiana Technical College on the GI bill, submitted a "petition for excused absence." A note signed by Mrs. Beveridge said: "Reason for absence: The baby was sick and kept us awake all night."

The U. S. Government Printing office normally employs an average of 4000 persons.

#214

THE FIRST DISCOURSE

by

Thomas J. (Tom) Brown

JUNE 1950

Written at the age of eighty-one

Wherein the author in detail  
narrates the methods by which  
he improved and strengthened  
his condition and continued in  
the enjoyment of spiritual,  
mental and physical health  
to his present age ---  
he having been born on  
May 7th, 1869.

H A B I T ---

We are creatures of habit and habit, in man,  
eventually becomes second nature, compelling him  
to practice that to which he has become accustomed.

Indeed, if a man of good morals frequents the  
company of a bad man, it every often happens that  
he will change from good to bad.

It is in consequence of this powerful force  
of habit, the vice of intemperance has gradually  
gained a foothold in this country.

(CONTINUED ON REAR PAGE)

*Rare  
Bancroft*

X-PN 4827



THE SCIENCE OF LIVING  
SPIRITUALLY, MENTALLY AND  
PHYSICALLY ACTIVE BEYOND  
THREE-SCORE TEN YEARS

*#275*

THE FIRST DISCOURSE

by  
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(CONTINUED ON REAR PAGE)



SPRING EDITION

MAR., APRIL, MAY, 1950

RECOLLECTIONS

# BLUENING CREATIONS

" of WORDS and DEEDS "

Geo. D. Palechek, Editor 2719 W. Meineske Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.  
PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE BIG MISSOURI MULE

The more I look at E. Percy Grover's January "RIME HOUSE" and see the picture and story of the mule by Mrs. Belle Mooney, the more it is to laugh about..It makes me think back to a story by Eli Perkins ,1890.

The great animal painter,Shreyer, painted a picture of a simple mule, eating a look of hay. That picture was sold for \$15,000.00,while the original mule from which he painted it could be bought for \$5.00. No one stood and laughed at this picture of the mule, but viewed it in mute admiration. They said,"What a master is this that can paint a mule like that."

The caricature of Belle Mooney's mule was to produce laughter, for it had imagination and exaggeration added to the facts. Had her mule been painted truthfully it wouldn't cause laughter. Neither would a picture of a patient mule make one laugh; for the only time that a mule is patient is when he is ashamed of himself,i.e., like some of us men folks.

We from the "Dairy State" Wisconsin, do not know much about mules for we have more to do with "contented cows." About the only time that we know or see anything about a mule here is around election time, when the Democratic Party have their big showing. Then the mule stands real meek, looking (well tamed) or is it that he has an inferiority complex?

The State of Missouri not only produces mules...our President. Mr. Truman also hails from there.

Now as this is ready to go to our press, word comes that last fall three Hollywood song writers(not the Three Musketeers) saw a mule train in Las Vegas, Nevada, "clippity-cloping"by. They got the hint, wrote a song about it...and it is estimated that each of the writers has already made \$25,000.00 on or from it.

The gold prospectors! mules carried gold in their hooves, not for their owners, but for these song writers.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SPRING-TIME

Spring is the best time of the year,  
It's not too cold nor to hot,  
It brings back all its glories:  
Good Friday, Palm and Easter Sundays  
With the old, yet; wonderful stories.

Mother's, Memorial and Father's days,  
These days too, like the Flowers  
That slept through the wintery hours,  
Prove there's life hereafter for ours.

G.D.Palechek:

\*\*\*\*\*

To have friends, one must be one. So long as we love we serve.  
No man is useless, while he has a friend.

\*\*\*\*\*

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

GEO. D. PALECHEK, Editor 2719 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\* A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

My Mother often told of when I was four years old that a friend of the family had given me a little saw and hammer, as also nails and some pieces of wood to practice with. He showed me how to hold a nail between my fingers and then how to hit it with the hammer. He also after patient instructions taught me how to use the saw on the wood. In due time under his instructions I got to be quite an expert at it.

All went well around the house until one day when mother had taken ill and was confined to her bed...while I was very busy in the kitchen with my new tools...hammering and sawing away to beat the band. Mother being ailed couldn't see what I was doing, but the racket prompted her to call, "Georgie, what in the world are you doing?" Hearing her call I went to her bedside, with hammer in one hand and saw in the other, and proudly said, "Oh, I fix it, mama!" She finally found out just what I had "fix".

When Daddy came home I told him the same thing. In fact he did not have to be told for he could see the nails driven into chair seats and some of the spokes around the legs of these same chairs sawed into even some of the backs sawed off. Daddy just laughed and picking out one of the remaining substantially strong chairs, sat on it, took me on his lap and lovingly said, "Never mind Georgie, you did a very good job of it...for a beginner, of course... you take after your grandfather, George Endner. He was a chair-maker up at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and when the chair company moved here to Milwaukee they had some chair makers of good ability move down with them and grandfather was one of those induced to make that change of abode.

George Washington didn't tell a lie when asked as to how he had cut down his father's cherry tree with his little hatchet...neither did I when I used my hammer and saw on the family chairs.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE ROCKING CHAIR

Of all the different chairs in the U.S.A. the rocking chair is the most important chair for me. When I was a baby, my mother sat in it with me. By rocking back and forth she found it a means to calm me and often as she sang a lullaby to get me to go to sleep. Often, as I grew older and could talk to some extent when mother would stop singing, thinking I was asleep, I'd open my eyes and say, "Sing some more Mama, I like it."

In this same old rocking chair I not only heard my first singing but was taught my first singing also. It was there I heard storytelling and it was there that mother loved to hug and kiss me... she'd even kiss my little feet. All this my mother related to me. Now in my own Golden-age the rocking-chair is the only comforting chair in the whole house for me to occupy.

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

GEO. D. PALACHEK, Editor 2729 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\* A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

## FORGIVENESS



The word "Forgiveness" has more to do with our every day life than the average persons reckons....We know what it is and means, but as a rule neglect to live up to it, which in turn causes us lots of trouble, even in our homes, where the most bitter feuds and devastating hatreds are those which smolder and burn in family relationships.

In the home it seems the hardest to forgive. An unkind word, a thoughtless act, harsh or foolish criticism, and soon hard feelings are aroused. Sister is lined up against sister, father against son, husband against wife. The peace of the household is disrupted, and unless the ugly spirit is quenched, misery and tragedy follow its wake.

One may say or write something out of the way that hurt other's feelings. They should forgive us, for some people take things that don't belong to them...even words.

The best lawyers are generally those that have the oldest law books. To refer to the word 'Forgiveness', the subject leads into the very heart of Christianity, so one should look that up in the Holy Scriptures.

Perhaps one of the most cruel and heartless crimes ever committed within the family circle was that which saw Joseph sold into slavery by his brothers. Years later these men found themselves at the mercy of their offended brother. Instead of avenging himself, Joseph forgave them. That is why Joseph is one of the most Christlike men in the Old Testament. He possessed a forgiving heart and sought the peace of the household.

In the New Testament the story of the Prodigal Son is another good one on Forgiveness. It tells us where the son demanded that his father pay him his portion at once, and then left home. After spending all that he had, he returned to his father, saying he wanted to repent for the wrong he had done. When his father saw him coming, he had compassion on him..ran towards him..fell on his neck and kissed him. The father not only forgave him, but also gave him more than he had before.

The article of forgiveness of sin, is the 5th petition of the Lord's Prayer. We say "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors". These words contain in the first place a humble confession, that there is such a thing as sin. So we must forgive others, if we expect to be forgiven. St.Luke speaks of sins and trespasses...St. Matthew uses the word debts...Therefore we confess that our sins are terrible debts, which we cannot repay. St. Luke writes, "Take heed to yourselves; if your brother trespasses against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him.

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

GEO.D.PALACHEK, EDITOR 2719 W.MEINKECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

\*\*\*\*\* A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* THE STAR \*\*\*\*\*

A star is a celestial body that is self-luminous...before Father Adam was, they were. and are still, the same today...they which have pleased so long and so many, must have merit.

All afloat in the sky they speak one tongue...with their blazing letters of the living light, "Peace on Earth and Good Will to all Men" They are the guard and glory of the world...they enlighten the eyes and make the brotherhood of mankind a fact as wide as the world.

The stars spread the light and the truth of the Creator, pole to pole. They shine mid pain and loss, they chase the shades of night away, and turn darkness into day. They do not change their fashions.. their art was founded on eternal truths, and uncorrupted by man.

Although there are millions of stars in the universe, our earth depends upon a certain one for its very existence. This star is the sun. The sun appears very large to us, but it really is one of the smallest stars. A person with good eyesight can see only about 2000 stars at any one time, but giant telescopes bring millions into view.

As the Cross is the symbol of the Christian's faith, and the Star of David the emblem of the Jewish religion, so is the flag of the UNITED STATES the badge of the American's faith...its stars call upon to consider the wonderful growth of our country from the original thirteen states to our present forty-eight. They plead with us to make still further progress, in all that makes for true National and divine greatness.

Our Nation's Flag was ordained June 14th., 1777. Americans rightly claim that the most beautiful Flag in the whole world is our "Star Spangled Banner". It symbolizes the union of the greatest republic on earth. The stars in it brighten up its field of blue...a flag to defend and uplift mankind, its true. Each star representing a state in the union. Stars were chosen instead of other devices, because they appropriately symbolize the elevated purposes and the lofty motives of the republic.

Our Country seems destined in the providence of God to be the meeting place of all the people; to be the world's experimental station, in brotherhood, where all races and faiths of the world are being brought together and being fused into one great and indivisible whole. It was and still is a sanctuary to which men and also women the world over oppressed because of religious and other beliefs take refuge and enjoy "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness".

Some brilliant or prominent persons, like "Movie Actors" are called Stars. Some or most of these do not create anything, not even the lines that they speak. So when their vogue ends their income stops. They are merely salespeople of the play-writer's words.

"Come and see me sometime" Mae West is really an exception. She is out of the actor class, being an author and producer, to say nothing of having graduated from the stage to the screen. However film stars go broke with the others...like the Comets and Meteors (the brilliant shooting stars of the sky). They come...they go...and they die out.



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2719 W. HEIMECHER AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

## THE TREE

We bring the evergreen pine trees into our homes to decorate, because they stay green and bright longer. They hardly ever shed their needle-like leaves. The many branches hold our colored Christmas ornaments, lights, candy, pop-corn balls, gold and silver stars, snowmen, angels, lambs, etc.

What would Christmas be without a tree? Below the tree we find a place, park the many packages of many shapes and sizes, all wrapped in gaily colored papers and ribbons, containing food, wearing apparel, games and toys of almost every kind, to delight everyone, for at this time most people want to do something for others. People began giving presents at Christmas time at the Lord Jesus' birthday. The "Wise Men" brought gifts of myrrh, frankincense and gold to the Holy Child born that first Christmas Day. Christmas is a joyous time for the youngsters, and also for us oldsters that are enjoying the last act of the show, hoping that it runs on a little while longer. Yes, "What would Christmas be, without a tree"?

My hearty thanks for the many cards and letters received, also to the editors and writers of and in the many publications in the United for I enjoy them all and know that many more of us do so also.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR to ye all.

Say! Do you know, This is the EIGHT ISSUE of "BLOOMING CREATIONS" for 1950, (my first year) in Amateur Journalism. It was my intention to get out only four. I hope to keep on going next year (if God be willing). He hath given men skill, that He might be honoured in His marvellous work. Some people never try to write, and get into the habit, they have trouble making up their minds—first they think that they will and then they don't—they are like a mule that starved to death between two stacks of hay, unable to decide which was more desirable.

Seize, Mortals, seize the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies.

Life's a short Summer..Man's like a flower,

First he blooms..then he dies.

## MISSOURI MULES

In the early part of 1950, The U.S.A. Cavalry discontinued the use of mules. Automotive machines are to take their place.

During the summer season 119 Missouri Mules (sure-footed beasts)-and 18 stationed guides are required to handle "dude string" guests who chose to see Arizona's Grand Canyon from the back of a swaying mule. The Bright Angel and Kaibab trails lead down to the canyon for the steepest seven miles in the U.S.A. In addition to their daily treks up and down the steep trails with the sight-seeing tourists on their

## BLOOMING

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

## CREATIONS

GEO. D. PALACHEK, EDITOR 2719 W. BELLEVUE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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 --- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ---  
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## THE SAFE ROAD HOME



In July 1945, I spent my vacation in South Dakota, the home of "Friendly People"; "where the sun shines every day", the State whose motto, "Under God the people rule" is really in evidence there.

To return home I got on a train at Selby. The war was still on, the train was crowded, hardly a seat was left for me. Fortunately I spied one being taken up by just one man. I asked him to move over so that I too could sit, which he did (after taking his good-natured time, and grunting like other hogs do). I sat down and spoke to him, but he answered me not... then I knew that he came from another state. Besides he got so mad that he took off his shoes to drive me away... for his foot smelled bad (he must have employed these tactics before). I had never smelled anything that bad before. There I sat wishing and praying for a different seat, for I couldn't stand it much longer.

At Aberdeen, the next stop, two ladies left the train, and I happily went over and took the seat they had occupied... but my joy didn't last very long (just like the sunshine that day) for at the next stop a big over-grown Dakota Indian got on. He was built like a gorilla, (even snorted like one through his nose). He had shoulders wide as an ox, wore a 15 gallon hat to further enhance his immensity. He placed a large paper carton next to me, then squeezed himself on the end of the seat nearly forcing me out of the window.

Then he started in a crude way to get friendly (in fact too Friendly). He shoved me money by the handful, and believe me brother he had some hands. They were the size of a base-ball catcher's glove. He even offered some of the money to me, and when I refused it, he asked me to drink whisky with him. He had four bottles of it in his pants pockets. I wouldn't have any of that either. Then he opened the box next to me and I saw it was filled with bottle-beer, and he said, "You are friend, drink all you want."

A man sitting in the seat ahead heard all this and turning around said (with a foreign accent), "I'll drink with you. I used to be an Indian too." After the Indian laughed this off for he took this remark to be rather funny, asked, "Where in the world were you over an Indian?" "In the old country", was the answer. From then on he was the Indian's friend. They started the first bottle of whiskey, but before they could get it all down the conductor came along and took it away from them. They sat laughing until the conductor left, when they started another bottle and kept it up until all were empty.

I had gotten away from them before all this drinking started by saying that I had to leave... but I had spotted another seat. A very

SUMMER EDITION

JUNE, JULY &amp; AUGUST 1950

RECollections

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

" OF WORDS AND DEEDS "

GEO. D. PALACHEK, Editor 2719 W. Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - QUARTERLY -  
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## HAPPINESS COMES IN PAIRS

This Blooming City..Milwaukee (The Cream City)  
seems to run in pairs. For instance; -

Here we have Beers...and some Shakespeares;  
Milk and Ice Cream; Cheese and Crackers;  
Sauerkraut and Knödel; Massenpfeffer and Spaghetti.

In the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club we are not only blessed with two Margarets, two Esthers, two Georges and two sistes (The Draatz Duet) But also by two secretaries...one for the MAPC and one for the UAPA. And now the best of all (the cream) the sweetest married couple, Mr. & Mrs. Boehme. He edits the MAIL POUCH and she TIDINGS. Last time I wrote "What would we do without you George?" Now something like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky says, "What would you do if the Missus would throw out George with the whole shebang?" So now we'll have to shake hands with her also..."Two heads are better than one."

If the average husband showed more interest in his wife's business and hobbies(or vice versa for it works the other way too) the divorce rate would drop down to zero, that is almost. Then there would be real Happiness, Peace, Comfort and Joy forever.

Geo. D. Palachek

## LOVE

George Bernard Shaw, one of England's greatest (living) writers... also winner of the 1925 Noble Prize on Literatur, wrote "Only fools love one another."

Another person wrote (Shakespeare no doubt).."What fools these mortals be" when speaking of Lovers.

We that have love, and know what it is, have to forgive them for they know no better...they have only a warped mortal mind (which is nothing, yet they want to be something.) Their mind is opposite of spirit, therefore the opposite of God..therefore also to Love, for God is Love in the true sense of the word.

They like the fool said in his heart"There is no God". What think-est thou of these joy killers? Love is what makes the world so beautiful to live in. It is only certain people who make it seem ugly at times. It is better to have lost and lost...than not to have loved at all... for then we know what love is and can appreciate it and life more.

Geo. D. Palachek



X-PN 4827

#283

# THE BROCHURE

Vol. XII, No. 1

January, 1951

Price: for our pleasure

## Did You Know?

An Indian path became the first scheduled airplane route in America. An early railroad between New York and Philadelphia followed the path, and the airplane route, built in 1910, followed the railroad.

The liner Bermuda Monarch, originally built for luxury tourist traffic between New York and Bermuda, is now to be used to carry British migrants to Australia.

First recorded instance of a photograph being taken from an airplane was at Canocelli, Italy. Orville Wright snapped the picture.

Among ancient books in the University of Oklahoma library's "Treasure Room" is the 1483-printed "Speculations and Confessions" of John of Westphalia.

All Navy personnel on active duty are forbidden to use their rank or rate titles in connection with commercial enterprises except to show authorship of published manuscripts.

From the ancient Phoenician port of Byblos on the Lebanon coast, which exported papyrus, the Greeks derived their word *biblion*, meaning papyrus scroll. And from *biblion* came the word Bible, the National Geographic Society notes.

The sound of a "moth chewing through a fabric" has been preserved on a phonograph record.

The exclusive fingerprints that distinguish you from all other humans are formed about four months before birth.

The name Toronto, of Indian origin, means "a place of meeting." The site was an established Indian rendezvous long before the coming of the white man.

Air express traffic in the United States runs predominantly to machinery, clothing, department store merchandise, advertising, electric supplies, printed matter, automotive parts and flowers.

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## Blue Skies

"Blue skies smiling at me; nothing but blue skies do I see."

Miami, Fla.

Fall, 1951

### Autumn Night

Beneath the diamond stars that stud the sky;

A crescent moon is poised above the rim  
Of distant clouds, the moments quiver by.

Away beyond the ridge a faint, sharp bark,

As dog gives tongue upon the frosty air  
And points the way across the pathless dark,  
To find the prey in his persimmon lair.

—Author unknown



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

NUMBER 17

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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FARM NEWS, FARM VIEWS- by Aunt Lou.

"Backward-turn backward, Oh Time in thy flight."

How the hours fly and what numberless things we should be doing - and just can't be doing.

With help getting more scarce almost every minute, with so much that just can't wait to be done, farm folks are rather in a dilemma.

Harvesting has been carried on between showers and morning dews that are about as heavy as a good rain.

Canning is still the big item in the farm kitchen. What would you think of making sixteen gallons of jelly and fruit butter in one day or of canning one hundred quarts of fruit in a day? Those were the days of many hands making light work. Now I can the fruit without sugar in two quart jars, and make the jelly butter a little at a time. You have to shear your sheep according to the weather.

"Waste not, spend not", keeps reminding us that we must make use of everything Nature gives us. And that the saddest words of tongue and pen are the words, "It might of been".

Along that line we recently saw a beautiful display of flowers made by Geo.D.Palechek, father of Montrose's Lutheran Pastor. They looked so one felt as though they must be fragrant. But they were made from the lowly tin can and painted, then set in containers with scalloped edges that were most attractive. Mr.Palechek has another hobby....writing for the United Amateur Press Association, wherein he publishes his own paper called "BLOOMING CREATIONS". This takes him among old and new friends in Milwaukee which has been his home for many years. In telling about the humorous situations that come up in connection with the Milwaukee Club he is apt to get to laughing too much to do the telling. This speaks well for hobbies. Have you a hobby? If not, why not. It is never too late to start.

(From the Montrose Herald of Aug.24th.,1951, by Mrs.Fred Finch, Montrose, So.Dakota

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EAST and WEST

Some members went East to Boston. I went West as in the past 10 years to spent my vacation in South Dakota..away from the noisy city..out where one can hear the heart of Nature beat..among the wild Sun-flowers, Roses and Cone-flowers. The cone-flower is called "Fairy's Torch" by the fanciful.

South Dakota..the home of friendly people" is inhabited mostly by farmers, following the plow (or sitting on it). I dare say they are closer to God than most city folks on their knees. Nature and religion are the bands of friendship. Meeting U.A.P.A. members out there was like being among Fairies(one-half woman, one-half dream). They were so divine ..no wonder we had such a wonderful time, enjoying our friendship together. One should call it by some better name for friendship sounds too cold for us highly educated people.

(C.D.P.)

1927

#286

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

GEO. D. PALACHEK, EDITOR

2719 W. LEINCKE AVE., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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## EGGS ACTLY



Yesterday when Uncle Lou and I got home from Salem, where we had been with our ninety dozen eggs, I was thrilled by the light in his eyes. Before when selling eggs (on buying feed) there had been a different glint in those same eyes, and I had kept busy looking in the other direction. He kept repeating, "Fifty dollars for eggs. Well, well!" "Now look here, Hubby", says I, "don't be patting yourself on the back. It probably cost us forty nine dollars and fifty cents to produce those eggs."

To begin with, we had about \$300.00 invested in those chickens we had been raising since April. Then there is \$2.00 corn and \$1.00 oats that they eat steadily. There is the ground feed mixed with mineral and nitrate, the green-colored whey (that fools the hens into thing its Spring)-the laying mash for dessert, the oyster shell for teeth and shells. Yes Sir! if any chickens ever had smorgas-board so faithfully spread before them that these pullets have had, than any respectful hen of the flock ought to be ashamed to look herself in the face if she doesn't lay two eggs a day (instead of the one every other day).

Only once before could I have realized 60¢ per dozen for eggs, that was at Thanksgiving Time about 40 years ago. In those days Winter eggs were a rarity. No time clock turned night into day, like my hens now have.

I had exactly 1 1/2 dozen eggs in the house for Thanksgiving Day, when an old friend called up and asked to buy some eggs as there didn't seem to be an egg in town. "They are 60¢ a dozen too", said she. I swallowed once or twice, thought how pumpkin pie would taste without eggs in its make-up, and then said, "I'll send what I have to spare tomorrow. So Papa (Uncle Lou) carefully took the sack with the 90¢ worth of eggs into our friend's house. When he got in, Pete Ho D., (whose wife had called about the eggs) was asleep on the couch (I've always wondered if an Irishman could be guilty of playing possum?). So when his wife said, "I'll have to wake Pete up to get the change", good-hearted Papa said, "No, no don't wake him up, we can get it some other time".

Forty years is a long, long time. But they do say that "all things come around to him who will but wait." And yesterday I got 60¢ a dozen for the 50 dozen of the 90 dozen sold.

Aunt Lou

P.S. - I never did get the 90¢ for the dozen and a half.

Mrs. Lulu G. Finch



# Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Circulation:

848

Americans All

Volume LXVII

AUGUST 1952

Number 8

By M. L. Silvia

"Does that mean we can't have our game today?"

"What's the use—we wouldn't win—Ted is our best pitcher."

"Is he really sick?"

"They took him to the hospital at four o'clock this morning."

"Shucks! Just our luck!"

Three boys stood on the diamond, one idly swinging a bat, while the other two held the above discussion. The third boy had not yet spoken. Now he said:

"How about O'Reilly? He's a swell pitcher!"

"We don't want him—no one from Shantytown is in our club." Chet Baker, president of the ball club, was the only son of the president of Dixontown's only bank.

"No, we've got to keep our club exclusive," said Bert Greaves, Chet's shadow—and echo.

"Doesn't seem right," Bill Summers said, thoughtfully. "Mike is smart—he won the game for the school against Feltonville last week."

"He's probably working today, anyway," Chet's voice was less confident.

"No, he was in the drug store when I came by. I heard him ask Mr. Simmons if there were any errands he could do."

"Well, maybe we can ask him?"

Bert's question was directed at Chet alone.

The three boys started back toward town, Bill, silent, as usual, the other two debating the problem. Chet definitely did not want a boy from Shantytown on his ball

team. As they neared the Square, they noticed a crowd gathered in front of the post office, and several people were running in different directions. The boys started to run. "Mother! What's happened to you?"

Mrs. Chesterton DeWitt Baker was seated on the post office steps, supported by the postmaster, himself, while a woman was holding a glass of water to her lips. She smiled faintly as her son stood before her.

"Nothing has happened, son. The bays shied at a paper blowing in the road, just as I turned the corner, and they started to bolt. If it wasn't for an urchin who was standing on the corner—he caught onto the back of the carriage—worked himself around and over the dashboard and went right down the shaft between Belle and Beauty. Got hold of the reins and actually talked those horses into slowing down. I never saw anything like it."

"Movie stuff!" someone said.

"Who was it, mother?"

"I don't know—but I want him found." She sat up and turned to the postmaster. "Who was it, Mr. Knight? I have a \$5 bill here for him, if you find him."

"It was Mike O'Reilly," Mr. Knight replied. "But I think he has gone home now."

"I'll find him!" Chet Baker cried. "But he'll get more than a \$5 bill. I'm going to make him the new president of our club, and ask him if he will pitch for us this afternoon."

#289

1871-1875—Lewis H. English and Edward B. Hall, Jr., New Haven, Connecticut

1878. M. Pemberton and F. G. Johnson, Ansonia, Connecticut.

1276 *Male* D. R. W. G. Sewall Batavia, New York.



1885

1987

# THE

[illegible]

1898-1904 Edwin Hedden Smith **SINCE 1871** Smith, Washington, D. C. and Belmont

1930-1944—Edwin Haddy Smith, Washington, D. C., and Pleasant, New Jersey.

Publisher: Wilfried Myers, 69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio.

## By John W. Bare

"Doctor Sahib, Akela is alone in the jungle hunting your son's 'baisbol'. Gone about a chucker† ago and not yet returned." His voice quavered.

"Dad," explained Jackie, the physician's son, "we were playing ball last evening when Akela hit a homer over the compound wall and down the Khudt. He cried about losing it, but I wouldn't let him go hunt for it in the dark; his father said the Man-eater had returned—oh, Daddy, hurry; he is the best ball I ever had!"

"Call your men, Suddhu; we go immediately."

A dozen villagers sprang forward, armed with mattocks, knives, and lathis. With his big game rifle over his arm, the doctor led the party through the gate.

The village lay in the Naini Tal area of the Kumaon district of the lower Himalayas where these beasts prowled. Butcha, Akela's pet terrier, ran sniffing and whimpering on ahead.

A man-eating tiger is a victim of unavoidable circumstances—his teeth becoming loosened and sore through age, or his claws worn or broken. Then he turns to more tender flesh—human. This one had carried away a woman drawing water at a spring, and devoured her.

It was toward this spring that the rescue party was converging—tigers grow thirsty as well as hungry.

Clear, recent tiger pugs showed in the mud around the pool under the waterfall. Jackie was speaking again.

"There's a cave nearby, Dad; Akela told me about it. He may be hiding in it—there it is!" he shouted and darted down toward it before anyone could stop him, intent on finding his pal regardless of what his own danger might be.

Just then Butcha gave one yelp of terror and raced back.

The doctor looked up in time to see a massive tiger crouched low ahead, and wriggling on his haunches to launch his spring on the approaching boy.

(Continued on Page 4)

\*Akola—the lonely one.

†Chucker—time to play a chucker

—20 minutes.

+Khud—jungle valley.

8 Lathis—clubs, poles.

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# BLOOMING CREATIONS

MAY 1952  
NO. 23

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

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GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2719 W. MEINSCKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WIS.

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MAY

Among our changing months, MAY, stands confessed, the sweetest, and is fairest dressed.

"It hath come to love us," -Heine writes, "then do the flowers and trees their blossoms don; and through the blue heavens above us, the very clouds move on."

May 11th is MOTHER'S DAY, the 30th is MEMORIAL, or DECORATION DAY, in most of our Northern States; in the old Confederate States it varies, being observed either April 26th, May 10th or on June 3rd.

## MOTHER'S DAY

Softly and often my thoughts go back,

Like wanderers over the timeworn track.

To the time when I knelt at my MOTHER'S knee,

And she sang hymns at the twilight hours to me.

As she sang them over, her face grew bright,

As if God's City were just in sight.

And she saw the angels, and heard them sing,

By the great white throne, before the King.

## MELLOW MEMORIES

by

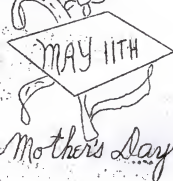
Betty M. TOUSCH (UNITED MEMBER)

The house steeped in memories of days gone by,  
Holds ghosts of happier times that seem to sigh  
For youth and laughter that rang through its walls  
And tread of many feet on its worn stair-halls.

Before the kitchen stove is still the worn spot  
Where our dear MOTHER stood over steaming kettles hot.  
There's the old rocker too, where she used to sit and  
Watching from the window, old friends come and go.

Her lovely long fingers were still full of grace,  
As she sewed on fine things, such as linen and lace.  
The clothes hooks in the hall are bare,  
Remindful of clothes that once hung there...

To protect one from rain and snow,  
As out to the barn or garden we'd go.  
Its window eyes are now all shaded,  
Lonely and sad; it stands, with dreams all faded.





# BLOOMING CREATIONS



"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

JULY 1952 NUMBER 25

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GEO.D. PALLCHER, EDITOR 2719 W. HEINRICH AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN

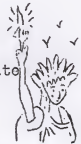
JULY 4th: Our National Independence Day. We of the United States should remember that what made our country Free and Great was the blessings of Almighty God. The open Bible, the fruit of the Reformation, became the foundation of our national liberties. The Christians of the past have made the largest contribution to the nation's welfare.

No nation becomes great, or righteous just by passing moral laws, but by the righteous actions of its citizens. Democracy is the rallying point of many who oppose the oppression of Communism. This Democracy however is often evaluated in terms of material advantages, of Automobiles, telephones, radio and television sets. Real freedom however, is infinitely more than these blessings. It may exist even without them. Daniel Webster's words should also be heeded today:--"If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering; but if we add our posterity neglect, its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

We are living in a disturbed age. Many dangers threaten our country. Our security and peace are endangered (from within and without), therefore Christian citizens will, and should above all, pray for our country and its security. It is still true that more things are brought by prayer than this world dreams of. G.D.P.

## AMERICA: BELOVED BY ME - Betty M. Tousch

- |                     |                    |                     |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. O Fairest fields | 2. O Forests green | 3. Molting pot      |
| O Sunny sky         | O Rivers long      | Of Nations great    |
| O Bluest lakes      | O Prairies wide    | Keep open wide      |
| O Mountains high    | O Wild birds song  | Your Freedom's gate |
| America:            | America:           | America:            |
| Beloved By Me.      | Beloved By Me.     | Beloved By Me.      |



## SUMMER

Summer is here, the sweet scent of flowers load the air. It may get very hot, and sultry, but the trees shall shade, and gales cool us from the noonday's heat-(if not turn on the electric fan or eat ice cream). C.G. Rossetti says, "Before green apples blush, before green nuts unbrown, Why, one day in the Country, is worth a Month in town." Go out in the country and look at the roses where they stand, for they fade among their foliage...they can not come and seek your hand. Summer time is out door time. Then the cushion of the editorial chair gets too hot, and thus the joy of writing doesn't stay. Like angel's visits short and bright the joy of writing takes wings and flies away. G.D.P.

X-PN 4827

#292

## BRIEFLY

Lauren R. Geringer, 1312 Keokuk Street, Iowa City, Iowa  
AAPA, March 1950 UAPA

### Well, I Tried

I wanted to have a photo-engraving of myself for this issue. But had to come down to an outline drawing. By the time I get it onto the stencil it doesn't even look like me.

I still believe that a picture engraved with heavy enough screen will show tonal

values on a stencil.

But 65 screen was the heaviest available, and the engraver would not

waste my money with it. I sent a photo

with plenty of gray and no solid black

to engrave as flat surface, and then

I outlined the features with pen, to

make some lines among the dots. But

when I told the engraver it was for

mimeograph, he sent

it back saying his 65 screen was too fine.

Does anybody know where one could get coarser engraving done? Why can't we have photos in these papers?

I know that a zinc engraved photo can be used to cut a stencil, used same as a shading plate, for I have tried it. But detail is lost in a fine screen. And pictures would have to be especially prepared as I have mentioned above.



Ye Ed

#293

## B R E E F L Y

Lauren R. Geringer 1312 Keokuk St.  
UAPA Iowa City, Iowa AAPA

### Re-introduction

How many present members still remember The Commentator, Top Drawer or Montana's Grinner? Well, I'm the guy who laboriously handset them, and run them off on a side lever hand press. A lot of type has been set since then. Not for a while though. I'm in the professional newspaper game, where everything is done on too large a scale to allow for anything like little mags.

I've been watching the progress of mimeographed papers in amateurdom. Like any printer, I consider duplicating just a hasty substitute for real presswork. But rather than be inactive-- not having the facilities for printing nor the cash to have papers printed-- I am trying the mimeograph as a publishing medium.

In joining the duplicator crowd, I save my conscience by planning to try some tricks in stencil-cutting that, if they work, should add variety to the appearance of typed columns. Only time and experiment will tell whether I can make those ideas work. I would be glad to hear from other mimeographers, to know what they have tried, and what is practical and what is not.

For this issue I will stick to the conventional: Typing, and lettering with stylus guides. I am just learning this machine and will be lucky if I get a readable paper, without any special tricks to add to the confusion.

Let's hope I don't get discouraged with this issue!

# THE BANNER

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

INTRODUCING A NEW JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN  
THOUGHT, OPINION, AND COMMENT  
..V- INTO N A P A ..V-

## "I CONFESS MY FAITH"

By  
S/Sgt. Carl M. Halvarson  
\*\*\*\*\*

The return of Carl M. Halvarson to the ranks of active publishers in NAPA is somewhat of an "event" in his yet young life: To those a.j. members who know nothing concerning myself or my past, my entry into active publishing will be purely a matter of journalistic or literary interest. Perhaps this journal will be viewed with curiosity—considering its name and general appearance.

But to my many friends in NAPA—to those who know of my past activity in it—the appearance of this new journal will probably be met with varied responses from all of them. Some will no doubt be surprised; others pleased (I certainly hope so) and yet, the majority will be frankly puzzled in being confronted with such a new journal of "Christian Thought, Opinion, and Comment." In short, the general response may well be:

"Carl Halvarson? Why, yes. I remember when he was quite active in NAPA—back in 1942. He published a little journal called 'Asmodeus'. I believe the last issue was June 1942. Shortly after that he went into the U.S. Signal Corps, and I guess the Army has kept him rather busy. I've heard him mentioned now and then in LitNews and the National Amateur, but he hasn't published anything for a long time. So to see him introduce a journal of 'this type' isn't quite what I thought he would. He seems to be a different person. A 'change' must have occurred in his life."

Yes, my friends, a "change" has occurred in my life—a change that has affected my entire life. And it is that change that I will tell you about in:

### Part One

#### THE REVELATION

Perhaps the use of the word "change" may indicate the nature of my experience. But the word that really describes my experience is simply "CONVERSION". The word "Conversion" may have a remote meaning for some; a profound meaning for others. Yes, it is true Paul and his apostles converted countless numbers of souls in the early Christian era; yes, it is true that many Gospel Organizations convert "hardened" sinners and other unfortunates in street and revival meetings. But for some reason

AUG 15 1962

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SOURCE UNKNOWN

JUNE 1

COPY

Vol. 1, No. 1.

# BOYISHNESS.

Crowded with Good Things for American Young People.

## An Exciting Entertainment.

BY PHILIP F. M'CORD.

Author of "A Dark Horse," "Saved by Tobacco," etc.

SOME months before the entertainment occurred a large, lonesome looking dog wandered into the village of Whetfield and took up quarters on Fletcher's back door step.

There was a noticeable lack of adipose tissue on his awkward frame, which would hardly cast a shadow; and that, together with a partially dislocated tail, made him a canine of not a very prepossessing appearance.

But what difference did that make to Billy, the youngest member of the Fletcher household? To him every scar on that dog's anatomy represented a well fought battle, and thus he argued with his stubborn parents. Besides, were not dogs scarier than gold bricks in that vicinity?

And so "Fitz," as Billy aptly named him, finally became a fixture among the Fletcher chattels. Billy was the leading member of a crowd of boys who went by the doubtful title of "The Dirty Dozen," and as "Fitz" naturally became devoted to his young master he was almost inseparable from the afore mentioned 2 D's.

Never-the-less, at numerous times, "Fitz" was left behind when some bad deed was undertaken which required noisiness on the part of the boys. These restless boys had not scared up any fun for several days past, and life was beginning to be a burden to all of them. So when Billy suggested that

they raid farmer Hayden's peach orchard there was not one of them who was in the least backward about offering to accompany him. It so happened that Hayden was the only farmer in the neighborhood who possessed a demonstrative dog; but that fact did not deter the "Dirty Dozen" in the least. For, what would be the sense in stealing the fruit unless there was some risk connected with it?

That night proved favorable for the expedition and the boys, who had gathered an assortment of receptacles for the much desired fruit (one boy even carrying a pair of old trousers with the legs tied up at the extremities) started across country to commit the designed plunder.

On arriving at the scene of operation they did not waste any time, and had collected quite a quantity from the overloaded trees, when an unusual commotion was set up near the house and they apprehended that the dog had scented them.

Then what confusion followed! Just as "Shorty" Ruzby was astride the fence the dog seized him by the calf of his leg and held on as though it was a "good thing." "Shorty" thought likewise and a struggle followed for the possession of it in which "Shorty" used his sack of peaches as an implement of torture, and finally succeeded in getting away, minus some superfluous flesh.

The "Dirty Dozen" generally held their nightly meetings behind the blacksmith shop, so when they gathered there on the evening following

X-PN 4827

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#296

BBB B	B BBB	BBB BBB	B
B B	B B	B B	B in
B BBBB	B B	B B	B (c) man
B B	B B	B B	B
B B	B BBB	BBB BBB	BBB BBB

To Make Life A Little More Interesting for all ---

Vol. 2

June 1942

No. 1

"IF YOU CAN SAY"

PR 28 1944

You're rich if you can say,  
"I have friends to help along the way."

You're rich if you can say,  
"I have done a good deed today."

You're rich if you can say,  
"I have humbled no one today."

You're rich if you can say,  
"I know God, and I love his way."

You're rich if you can say,  
"All went well throughout the day."

You're rich if you can say,  
One of these every day.

- Al Magnuson





See Page 2  
Column 3 & 4!

# BROOKSIDES Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS



Issued Quarterly

ol. 1, No. 2

Winter, 1951-2

## XOTIC MISS WEST GOES FOR "NIGHTFALL"?

### BOOKS ISSUES THIRD BOOK; TREM MORE TO FOLLOW!

15th this issue we announce the  
ance of a third volume in the  
in-gang production of book-  
lashing. "From Bed To Verse"  
a droll book of G. I. Verse  
at our adventures in World  
II.

olumes and volumes have been  
tten about World War II, unfor-  
table chapters in a tragic per-  
of World History. And as this  
written, our cherished dead had  
little time to settle tired bones  
overlasting peace, when above  
a man's inhumanity to man is a  
coming to fore....

et, through all the strife and  
mell, the American people learn-  
to smile and even laugh at things  
arise... the G.I. with his deli-  
cious sense of humor; bravado and hu-  
mility, became known all over the  
ld.

is we traveled all over the  
he, we bought souvenirs, took  
stures, kissed gladly the girls  
were willing and we wrote, we  
sketch and we sang of what we saw.

and yet there were some who loep-  
"from bed to verse" to pen their  
e-found delights....

See page 2 for special  
offer and coupon to get  
this book!

### The Relations Between Noodles and Flour"

bert Einstein has never really  
ed to enjoy the limelight he oc-  
s. The scientist often refuses to go  
afterings in order to avoid the  
us gazes and endless questions of  
rther guests. On one occasion, upon  
insistence of a dear friend, he at-  
ed a dinner party and ran directly  
what he feared mostly.

lense, Professor Einstein, I won't  
er you much," pleaded one elderly  
an. "Just explain your theory of  
ivity to me. I won't ask a thing  
a."

nstein was amused by the enor-  
of this question from a woman  
ot even have as much as a  
of scientific background.

"ou can cook, can't you?" asked  
professor, parrying the question.  
Why, of course!"

to you know how to make noodles?"  
'ertainly, I make delicious noodles."  
Vell, you understand, don't you,"

### Book World



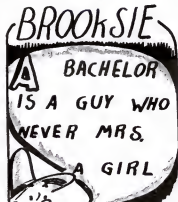
Some one took excep-  
tion to our request for  
review copies to be  
sent to us for review  
here. All we want is a  
a look-see and we'll  
return same.

"Cherished Memories"  
by Pearl Benbow Aaron  
\$2.00. It is an excell-  
ent book of verse!

"Lady Godiva" by Joe  
C. Salak of Chi, 50¢.  
Another unusual book  
by this gifted author.  
"Rhythm Road" by El-  
izabeth L. Powers, \$2.  
She puts life in her  
verse.

"The Fabulous City"  
by Carolyn B. Bauman.  
No price. Contains  
only 3 poems, yet these  
contain a special mes-  
sage of philosophical  
nature.

Our own "From Bed To  
Verse" is now off the  
presses. \$1.00.



Exotic Miss Evelyn West;  
the \$50,000.00 Treasure  
Chest Girl!



### THE WIDER RANGE

by GERTRUDE BOSS

The story is told of a loaf of  
bread that fell from a baker's bas-  
ket. When it hit the pavement a  
crumb broke off and lay beside it.  
Almost instantly three sparrows  
made a swoop for the crumb.

When the contest was over two  
of the birds flew away without a  
bite while the third carried off a  
meager bite of a breakfast. The loaf  
was untouched in the frenzy. Only  
the crumb had seemed a worthwhile  
prize to the birds.

Just a little wider range of vision,  
and a little less greed, and each  
bird could have been more than  
satisfied.

The moral is plain. Men, like  
birds quarrel over trivialities, and  
in the heat of doing so let life's  
bigger, more lucrative prizes escape  
them unnoticed.

BROOKSIE IS HER  
FAVORITE AUTHOR

### "Treasure Chest Girl" CHRONICLE EXCLUSIVE

by Joseph C. Salak

Evelyn West, sensation of stage  
and screen has 24 wins services cov-  
ering her exploits since she first  
became a big-name in show business  
when she had her 30 1/2 inch bosom in-  
sured for \$50,000.

Evelyn's career started about  
five years ago when she was earning  
\$15 a week as a ballgirl. Today as  
an exotic dancer she is compensated  
with a \$2500 weekly income.

Tremendous fan mail testifies to  
her universal, entertaining appeal  
and her personal letter collection  
is well over the 40,000 mark.

Besides being an artist of the  
stage and despite a demanding rou-  
tine she manages to keep up with  
the best sellers such as Brooks'  
"NIGHTFALL" and continues her ex-  
hausting educational program. Stud-  
ying for a degree in Mathematics  
Evelyn's academic subjects include  
Hedonism, Aesthetics, Graecian Art  
forms, Analytical Mathematics,  
Dance Forms and Musical Studies.

Called the "original hushy hushy  
girl" and billed on theatre mar-  
quees as "The \$50,000 Treasure Chest  
Girl" Evelyn also has created a  
rip-cord slipper brassiere and a tran-  
sparent bathing suit of piliplife.

"I think Mr. Brooks' books are  
full of excellent humor, and a few  
of his poems are very serious in-  
deed", says Evelyn in a bookish  
mood.

### Anchor Found In Dry Lake

LONE PINE, Calif.-(AP)—A Cen-  
tury-old ship's anchor has been dug  
from the dry bottom of Owens  
Lake. The hand-forged, 400-pound-  
er was probably lost by one of the  
clam-shell bottom boats that ferried  
silver ore across the lake for ship-  
ment by mule train to Los Angeles.

A slip of the pen can cause a man  
a lot of trouble — so can a slip of  
a girl!

A spinster's birthday usually  
sends her into fits of subtraction!

### Notes To You!

Sport Note: Once upon a time a  
poor fellow lost his amateur standing,  
and now he can't make a cent.



NO. 298-7

B

CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS!

# 298

# Boy's Herald

SINCE 1871

## SCOUTS AND A COUGAR

By Uncle Ben

Footsore and weary, the three boys clambered up the mountain with heavy packs. They had traveled since early morning, through the dense forest, an experience that they had been looking forward to for months. They were well aware of the fact that they were entering a country infested with bear and cougar, but what did they care? They were three nervy boys; each carried a camp axe at his belt, also a .22-caliber target pistol, and they defied the biggest of them to cross their path.

The first night out found them entering a deserted cabin at the edge of Lake Glen. It was built in the early days before the lumber or trap line, and he had located it just as close to the edge of the lake as he could get it, without getting out of the timber for a mile on both sides of the cabin was dense wilderness. The roof was still intact, the hinges on the door had not since rusted away and the door leaned against the log walls.

The shalerock fireplace at one end of the cabin looked inviting to the boys. Without further inspection they tossed their packs to the floor and set about gathering fuel for the night before dark.

Later, after they had had a snack from the grub bag, and the fire was roaring, lighting up the entire cabin, the boys began further inspection of their quarters. They noted the pole ceiling above

their heads; small poles laid as close as possible, sometimes leaving a space of two or three inches. Through one of these cracks, they noted, was something dangling down, resembling a rope, and it was swaying back and forth, pendulum like.

Dick was the first to realize what it was; he let his eyes shift to the square opening to the loft some four feet from where the dangling thing came from between the poles, and there two balls of fire glared down at them. The big cougar lay there, ready for his spring, less than six feet from the three boys, and with nothing but target pistols for protection. They were frozen where they sat in the dirt floor for an instant, and then they acted. Mel and Jim rose quickly, the fire was roaring, Dick rose, examined his nine-shot pistol, and then—"Are you ready, boys? Grab his tail and hold on while I shoot!"

"Shoot!" Mel and Jim yelled, as they swung with all their might on the big cat's tail that hung between the poles. Dick pumped those nine shells right at the eyes of the cougar, fearing all the time that the boys' tail-hold might slip, and the boys held on for dear life, fearing the lunging of the cougar would never cease. But suddenly the big cat slumped over dead. Dick's shots had taken effect.

(Continued on Page 4)

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964

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MARCH 1952

Number 3

B.

# The Boy's Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXII

MAY 1952

Number 5

Circulation:

983

## MISER'S GOLD

By Wilfrid Myers

A slopin' sword; a row of sweet scented old-fashioned roses just before the green dipped steeply to the cultivated area that intervened between the house and the oats field. A well kept ash lane to the left showed the way to the road and the outer world. An old, ramshackle house stood about 50 rods from the lane. Its yard was grown up but, nevertheless, it was a beautiful scene that greeted the eyes of William Turbin as he stretched and yawned after awakening from his nap in the hammock on the front porch of a well-kept farm house.

"Hum," he ejaculated at length. "Gee, I wish there was some excitement or something to do around here." He closed his eyes and seemed about to go back to sleep! one eye opened and—

"Hey, ma, old man Jones's house is on fire!"

"What?" called his mother from the kitchen as she stopped her work.

"FIRE! Miser Jones's house is on fire! Kin I go?"

"Yes, go ahead," answered his mother, her voice sounding nearer for she was coming on the run—excitement was rare indeed in the Turbin household.

No sooner had his mother given her consent than William was sprinting down the lane and across the field to the scene of the fire. A large crowd of farmer men and boys had assembled to help in trying to extinguish the flames. A bucket brigade had been formed by one group while another was try-

ing to remove the meager furnishings from the house. William spied one of his friends standing apart. "Hi, Joe! What say we go in and do some rescue work?"

Joe eagerly assented, saying, "O. K. Nobody's been in the basement yet. I'll bet that's where the miser kept his gold."

The two boys rushed for where they knew the outside cellar door to be located. Soon they were in its murky atmosphere which was made vivid occasionally by bright flashes from the outside and overheard. Joe's eyes were the first to become accustomed to the darkness and he gripped William's arm. "There's an old chest over here!" he shrieked above the noise.

"That's what we want," delightedly exclaimed William.

It did not take the two eager youths long to reach the chest. Soon they were tugging, half lifting, straining, jerking it across the uneven earthen floor of the basement. They struggled with their heavy burden up the old stone stairway and out into the glare of the flames where in a short while they were.

"Well, well, look what these boys have found. I wouldn't be surprised if that is what old Miser Jones kept his hoard in."

"Open it up!" urged several of the youths.

William looked doubtful. "Do you think we should?" he appealed to the group of several in general. "You know Mr. Jones hasn't been dead so overly long."

(Continued on Page 4)

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# Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXII

NOVEMBER 1952

Number 11

Circulation:

991

## 'Twas Thanksgiving Day

By Alta Gowdy

Jim Bradley walked out on the street and greeted the cold, gray dawn on Thanksgiving morning. He had lost his job and was short of funds. Being terribly discouraged, he began wondering what he had for which to be thankful. Of course he was alive, and many people are thankful just to be alive.

In the breakfast nook at the cafe, he met a man with a broken arm. In an inexperienced way the victim was trying to devour pancakes and eggs with the use of one hand. Well, here was something for which to be thankful. Jim had complete use of both arms and had never had any broken bones.

He picked up a detective magazine that someone had left on a bench. After reading just one story he decided all over again that "Crime does not pay," and that he was glad he was not a fugitive from law.

Then he talked with a man who had only recently become used to his new set of false teeth, and was really enjoying them.

"Now, of all times," he told Jim, "I am cutting a belated wisdom tooth."

Jim was thankful again that his wisdom teeth were all cut, and that he did not need "store" teeth.

He saw a young man waiting at the service station for tire repair. Glad he didn't own a car, and that his shoe soles were still good for walking.

"Tire trouble wasn't enough,"

growled the young man, "so I had to snag a hole in my best trousers. Not very presentable to go to see my best girl."

Jim was thankful again that his wardrobe consisted only of overalls—not too good, and that he need not worry if he did happen to snag them.

It being Thanksgiving day, he kept thinking about the turkey dinners his mother used to serve at home. He was getting hungry, and thought he would find a place to eat. He decided that he liked chicken better than turkey, although a hamburger would do in a pinch.

As he dropped into an eating house, he put his hand into his pocket to feel how much money he had. Everybody was ordering a real Thanksgiving menu.

He sat down to one of the swellest turkey dinners imaginable, with stuffin', fixin's, etc. Again thankful for the blessings of a beneficent Creator, while wondering if he had enough money to pay for it all.

As he left the building, he picked up a little kitten on the street, cold and hungry. It was unwanted, and deprived of a warm home by a heartless master. Jim felt so much at peace with the world, after a full feed, that he cuddled the kitten in his arms and rustled a few scraps for the poor, bedraggled feline. Then, there were two thankful hearts where only one had been

(Continued on Page 4)

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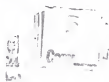
# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXII

DECEMBER 1952

Number 12



The Gift Of Christmas  
Life wou'd surely seem most dreer  
Without Christmas Day each year.  
When our love for all mankind  
Spurs us on, bright gifts to find.  
Just as on That Christmas Day  
God His Gift before us lay.

M. E. Williams



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

APRIL  
1952  
\*\*  
NUMBER 22  
\*\*\*\*\*

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALLSCHLEK, EDITOR 2719 W. HEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN  
\*\*\*\*\*

April 1st. is All Fools' Day; the 6th. is Palm Sunday; the 11th. Good Friday and the 13th. is Easter Sunday. "He who laughs on Friday, weeps on Sunday!" -also, "If it rains on Friday, then also on Sunday" -perhaps that is why many of us dread Fridays-nevertheless April is the month of Showers. We need fresh showers for our thirsting May flowers. -G.D.P.

## RAIN-Longfellow

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all.  
Into each life some rain must fall.  
Some days must be dark and dreary!"

I LIKE RAIN - Betty M. Tousch (United Member)

I like a fresh and warm Spring Shower,  
That bathes each garden leaf and flower,  
And patterns crystal beads of rain,  
Upon a shiny window pane.

I like rain when its a slanting silver sheet,  
That curtains a green meadow with its rhythmic beat.  
I like rain when it swirls and rushes with a gust,  
Of wind, and washes clean and cools the heat of Summer dust.

I like to see the rain on Farmer's rich black earth,  
And the long straight rows of greens, give birth.  
I like to hear it stamp on dry leaves in the fall,  
Like fractions, fairy horses impatient in their stall.

I like a crashing, livid storm with a clap of thunder,  
Clearing to reveal a Sun-drenched world of wonder.

APRIL RAIN - Bob Lovenan

"Its not raining" rain to me,  
Its raining Daffodils;  
In every dimpled drop I see,  
Wild flowers on distant hills.





# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

JUNE 1932

NO. 24



GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2719 W. MEINECKE AVE., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN

JUNE:--The Month of Roses. Pentecost on the 1st., Children's Day on the 11th., Flag Day on the 14th; Father's Day on the 15th; the longest day of the year on the 21st and Summer starts.

O RADIANT DAY! - - Betty M. Tousch

White diamond summer rain from the skies,  
Will match the sparkle in her eyes.  
And dainty apple blossom pinks,  
Will faintly blush her cheeks, - I think.

A lazy, powder-puff of white,  
Will be the only cloud in sight.  
And vaulted blue of the skies above,  
Will match the radiance of our love.

White roses with their perfume rare,  
Will be the Queen of the flowers there.  
And all the world will love us both,  
As this Day marks our Wedding oath.



## THE WEDDING OATH

"To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Dr. Paul Popenoe, head of the American Institute of Family Relations, writes, "Marriage between different faiths is two or three times more likely to end in divorce, than marriages of the same faith."

## LOVE

"Roses and Pinks, and Lilies there were found. Marvel to her and them who saw the same. All the sweetest flowers that grow from earthly grounds. But nothing that might rebuke or blame. What e'er is sown, in love (the loveliest deed) shall bloom and be a flower in Paradise." Anon.

## THE ROSE - R. H. Wilde

"My life is like a summer rose, That opens to the morning sky. But, ere the shade of evening close, Is scattered on the ground to die."

"That man may last, but never lives, who much receives, but nothing gives; whom none can love, whom none can thank, Creation's blot, Creation's blank." - Thomas Gibbons.

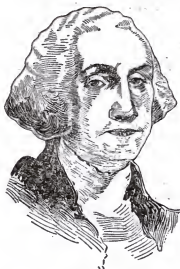
# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIII

FEBRUARY 1953

Number 2



George Washington

There was darkness and death when our country was born,  
With no friends anywhere to defend us, not one,  
With no funds, with no arms, and no future, forlorn.

In the face of fierce foes stood George Washington!  
At each Delaware crossed, and at each Valley Forge  
He defeated the enemies of liberty, son;

Sleeting storms, bloodied trails, or each icy gorge  
Mattered not to the faithful of George Washington!  
Steel-eyed and resolute, unconquerable, tall,

With an unflinching faith, and clear courage, he won  
Against traitors, the treacherous, the frightened, and all  
His own empty failures, did George Washington!

When victories crowned the end of our War

He was chosen to serve as our President, son;  
Our famous first leader—and there's nothing to bar  
You from helping our country like George Washington!

—J. W. Bare

# Boys Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIII

AUGUST 1953

Number 8

## The Boy Is Father of the Man

By Nina Hard Crosby

"Hello, there, young man! For a newly-elected captain of a football team, you are looking pretty glum." Thus Dr. Forrester, a professor of history in high school, hailed the young fellow of 18, who was coming down the street.

That "young man" smiled rather sadly and proceeded to unburden his mind. "I was proud, sir, very proud, when the fellows elected me captain; but something has come up that takes all the joy out of life. We've got a game scheduled for next week with Carleton High. And the team has refused to go through with it, just because one of Carleton's player's a Negro."



The boy's voice rose in anger. "Can you beat that, sir? What's the color of a guy's skin got to do with his being able to play football? We're all created by the same God, were we not? That makes us equal, doesn't it? Boy! Those guys make me sore!"

Dr. Forrester nodded sympathetically. "I know exactly how you feel. What are you going to do about it?"

Slowly the boy answered, "Well,



I've given this thing a lot of thought, and I've decided to have it out with the team this afternoon. They may turn against me when I tell 'em that I won't have any part in their kind of a deal. But it's worth a try. The way I see it, it's more important to be true to myself than to be captain."

Dr. Forrester shook his hand heartily, "Good for you! Go to it." That afternoon the captain waited until practice was over, then entered the dressing room to announce his decision. His throat was dry, his hands trembled, but he swallowed hard and pitched in. At first he spoke quietly. Finally his courage mounted, and he stormed out, "I'm ashamed of every one of you! Pretending to believe in fair play and justice! Then—calling off a game because a player is colored. Better get yourself another captain—I'm through!" He stalked out and slammed the door.

The boys stood motionless for a few minutes—stunned. Then the quarterback, a big, earnest looking boy, said, "How about it, fellows? Let's call him back? I think I'd like to play the game his way."

The others nodded silently. The quarterback ran to the door, flung it open, and shouted, "Captain! Come back! We're all with you!" His voice rang out through the empty corridor. "Come back, Ike! Do you hear me, Ike Eisenhower?"



### THE OLD WILLOW TREE

Well do I remember one evening in spring,  
 When as children so happy and free,  
 We stood on the bank where the green mosses cling  
 Watching dad plant a young willow tree.

It was only a branch with a few tender leaves,  
 And gave not much promise to live;  
 But we waited with faith that young courage conceives,  
 And the care that our tending could give.

We grew up together, shared heartache and joy —  
 That willow, my brother, and I;  
 There whispered our secrets as maiden and boy —  
 Till we finally whispered "goodbye!"

The years swiftly flew, and the day came at last  
 When again I stood under its bough;  
 But it hardly seemed true that the twig of the past  
 Was the sheltering willow of now.

The old home has gone as the years hurry by,  
 And the land-marks have altered with time;  
 But that old willow tree every change would defy —  
 To stand there, majestic, sublime.

The branches our fashioning hands helped to mold  
 Now festoon a broad city street;  
 While the grandsons and daughters of playmates of old  
 Now welcome its shady retreat.

The old home, though humble, indeed I have missed,  
 With all that it tokened for me;

X-PN 4827  
B



Boy's Herald



#308



Page 10



Page 8

# Special Recruiting Number



Page 11



Page 10

Volume LXXXIII

OCTOBER 1953

Number 10

## Eureka! I Got It! I'm Back in Business!

Some there may be who remember "Geringer Press" at Vida, Montana, and such publications as COMMENTATOR, TOP DRAWER or MONTANA'S GRINNER and so can understand my excitement



over having a press of my own again. More recent publications by mimeograph have been disappointments to me. Once a printer, always a printer, you know.

I got an ancient 8x12 Peerless Johnson and then some old news type, and here I am back hand spiking again.

The type I handle every day in the newspaper plant is machine cast, linotype and ludlow, so this seems awkward.

Of course things are different from the days of the COMMENTATOR (published jointly with L. V. Heljeson). There is the little matter of increased population (four children) and other demands on my time. I do not know how often I can publish. But I am starting out bravely.

One good reason why I know I will not be doing too much amateur publishing is that every one seems to want a print job done as soon as they hear I have a press. Commercial rates are so many times higher than they used to be that I am surprised what people will pay for printing. Certainly I am cashing in on that.

### WHAT SHALL I PRINT?

#### IN BRIEF

This 10 point type does not match Roman news logotypes, nor line up with news small caps. What is this? A Caslon?

*This entire journal was composed at the typesets without copy. Does it show it, in bad continuity or sentence structure?*

Like these ornaments? We've got all kinds of them, new and beat-down old-fashioned ones.

EDITORIAL  
GUIDANCE  
BUREAU

## BULLETIN

MAY 1953

\*-\*

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

HELEN E. MIDDLETON, EDITOR  
317 EXMOUTH ST., SARNIA, ONT., CANADAMARIE HAND, CO-EDITOR,  
AKRON, INDIANA, U.S.A.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you died tonight, what would your life add up to? That may seem an odd question, but when faced with critical illness of oneself or a loved one, believe me, it's extremely important. Have you lived selfishly, taking what pleasure came by, not injuring others but not aiding them overmuch either, contributing only to the happiness of your own immediate group? Have you sinned by indifference, whether to the need of a neighbor or the welfare of your country? Even in your writing have you produced something to last longer than you do, something clean and fine and poignant, to be treasured when you are dust? Or have you wasted God-given hours in piddling trivialities, chaff that's forgotten before it's half-read? Think on those things, I beg you, and greet the dawn you're lucky enough to see!

-----

During the entire month, one solitary inquiry has been received from a member! No markets at all, although we persist in asking that you send us names and addresses of those markets which are cordial to beginners. If this isn't a form of indifference, what is?

Marion Schoeberlein, 430 South 19th Ave., Maywood, Ill., is editor of a discriminating poetry magazine, "Fawnlight", sub.\$2.00 per year. Send her only your best.

-----

Also, we are intensely interested in hearing of members' successes in writing, where they appeared in print, which radio station featured their work, etc.. Why not take five minutes and drop us a card telling us of those things so important to you?

-----

Assignment for May: Write a letter telling us where you get your ideas for poetry, fiction, etc. How much time do you devote daily to writing? Do you work on a regular schedule, or by fits 'n starts? Share your experiences with us, and excerpts from best letters will be published here, and so help all members. Give yourself a shake, banish spring fever, and get down to business! We'll be waiting for your mail!

## DO YOU JUST BELONG?

Are you an active member  
The kind that's liked you well  
Or are you just contented  
With the badge on your lapel?

Say! do you take an active part  
To help the work along  
Or are you satisfied to be  
The kind that just belong?

----- \*





# BLOOMING CREATIONS

 SPRING  
1953

NUMBER

26

5

"OF WORDS AND DEEDS"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2035 W. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISC.

\*\*\*\*\*

 MARCH:—Slayer of Winter, art thou here again? Thy bitter wind makes  
not the victory vain, Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.

—Wm. Morris

Spring:—March 20th., Palm Sunday:—March 29th., Easter Sunday:—Apr. 5th.

MARCH

Ah, March! We know thou art kind-hearted,

Spite of ugly looks and treaths.

And out of sight, art nursing April's Violets.

—H. H. Jackson

## THE STONE

Besides our prevailing building stones; such as Sandstone, Marble and Granite, on Jan. 13th of this year I saw stone that was composed of a Blue Clay and Clamshells. It was at historical Old St. Augustine, Florida. The old town was surrounded by wall defenses made of this stone. Today the walls are gone, except for a portion at the City Gateway where the streets are still as narrow as our alleys. One is only 7 feet wide.

The old fort, The Castillo San Marcos, is the oldest masonry fort existing in the States. It dates back to the Spanish Colonial period. It was started in 1672, is a metrically shaped, four-sided structure, surrounded by a moat of water 40 ft. wide. Its entrance is across an old draw-bridge. The great walls are from 9 to 16 feet thick, all constructed of conquin blocks, a native shell-rock. These shells aren't any larger than one's small finger-nail. The huge blocks are cemented together with an Oyster-shell lime mortar. Beautiful arched casements and interesting cornices testify to the workmanship and imagination of the Spanish builders.

The fort contains guardrooms, living quarters for the garrison, storerooms, dungeons, and a chapel. Nearly all the rooms open on a court about 100 feet square. Some of these rooms have "Maiden-hair" ferns growing and hanging from the arched ceilings. This fort is not in use any longer but is kept as a National Monument. Though the Castillo was never captured, yet it has flown the flags of many nations. Spain surrendered the province to England for a brief period (1763-1783)—but regained Florida at the close of the American Revolution. Finally in settlement of bloody border disputes, Florida was ceded to the United States in 1821.

Think of the aching hands and bleeding feet, of the men and women digging the shell and clay-stone formation in the quarry, laying stone upon stone, bearing the burden of the heat of long days, wishing that the job was done and have protection against aggressors.

—Geo. D. Palechek



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

JUNE - JULY  
1953  
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NUMBER  
27  
-----

"of words and deeds"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

\*\*\*\*\*  
GEO. D. PALECHEN, EDITOR 2035 No. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN  
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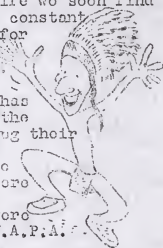
FLAG DAY - JUNE 14th. - "Old Glory". The flag famed in song and story. Long may it wave! The flag that never has known defeat! "Let's rally around the flag (everybody) rally once again, shouting the battle-cry of Freedom".

SUMMER - JUNE 21st. Also FATHERS' DAY - (Forget-us-not). "The wind sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime, as when some Master-land exulting sweeps the keys of some great organ. Ye give forth the music of the woodland depths, a hymn of gladness and of thanks". - Bryant - (Remember this when you read about Florida's Singing Tower on other side.

INDEPENDENCE DAY - JULY 4th. - All that we have or know-This our fathers bought for us, a long, long time ago; when they fought for freedom. It still exists where the people also rally around the ballot-box on Election Day-thus taking care of the government.

U.A.P.A. CONVENTION - JULY 9th to 12th. (Attention "BUNDLE-BEES") The last convention here in the "Cream City" was good. So this one should be better. Milwaukee is a city booming in conventions. The first four months of 1953 it was the site of 136 convention groups. Some glamorous, and some like us. It's still time for you AJers from the cities, the hillsides and the plains to consider attending. YOU ARE WELCOME! If we don't make new acquaintances as we go through life we soon find ourselves left alone. We must keep our friendships in constant repair. Moore says, "Oh call it by some better name, for friendship sounds too cold". The Reds call themselves Comrades. Frances Lois Vaughn writes, 'Us BUNDLE-BEES'.

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES - (Baseball) - Milwaukee County has built a \$1,000,000.00 Stadium and has joined up with the "BIG LEAGUERS". We have the former Boston Braves making their home here now. They are not real Indians, however. Hailing from Boston, no doubt they are kinfolks of the tribe that participated in the "Tea-Party". So now there 'gifts no more a Milwaukee Brewers' Team' and the old 'Borchert Orchard' is torn down. No doubt if Paul Revere still lived, he would be here, too ...anyway at our U.A.P.A. Convention. I think so, don't you?



Thanks to the writers that send in cards welcoming BLOOMING CREATIONS back. (On the firing line again, I'll try hard to do better this time).



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

-of words and deeds-

NUMBER 29

NOV.-DEC.

1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
GEO. D. PALLGIER, EDITOR 2035 NO. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN.

NOVEMBER 26th - Our National Thanksgiving Day...is a day to worship God and thank Him for the countless blessings bestowed upon us as a Nation and as individuals. "Our barns and granaries are full, our daily sustenance is sufficient, our homes are safe, and we have peace within our borders. Give thanks unto the Lord! Let never a day nor a night unhallow'd pass. But still remember what the Lord hath done". - Henry VI.

## ALL READIED FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Betty H. Tausch  
3259 Madera Ave.,  
Oakland 19, California



Swirling snows make deep-piled drifts,  
And skies are blurred by white veiled mists.  
It wraps the world in ermine white,  
All readied for Christmas Night.

When silver sleet and blizzards glow,  
All snug inside the fires glow.  
There happy groups of families  
Gather around their lighted trees.

The topaz lights of church windows,  
Are glowing jewels, in shining rows.  
Their paths of gold across the snow,  
Draw worshippers who come and go.

On this one night, one can be sure,  
God's Love for Man was made secure.  
While all outdoors the stage is white,  
Readied, by God, for Christmas Night.



DECEMBER 25th:-Christmas Day. Christmas changed everything in the world. It divided history into before and after. It led men out of the night into new and everlasting day. The hands of the Christ-child reached from the manger and took away everything but forgiveness and peace, and the new song in the weary hearts of man. Many men and women in our world today accept Christmas as only a swift light in the city of our darkness. The Christmas Tree withers, the gifts are put away, the songs of the Season end, and they return again to darkness. They forget that they can have Christmas in their hearts always. May God grant that we may take its lasting joys along with us - out across the threshold of another year. MERRY CHRISTMAS & HAPPY NEW YEAR, TO ALL!

G.D.P.

# THE BARON BULL SHEET

#314



VOL. 2 NO. 2

APRIL, 1953

<p>THE BARON BULL SHEET is a publication of the Baron Bull Club, Inc., a non-profit organization dedicated to the promotion and improvement of the breed of cattle known as the Baron Bull. The club was founded in 1947 and has since grown to include members from various parts of the United States and Canada. The purpose of the club is to provide a forum for the exchange of information and ideas among breeders and enthusiasts of the breed, and to promote the breed through various means, including the publication of this sheet.</p>	<p>The first issue of the sheet was published in January, 1953, and has since been published quarterly. It contains a variety of articles, including news items, breed descriptions, and reports on shows and exhibitions. The sheet is also a valuable source of information for breeders, as it provides details on the latest breeding techniques and the results of various breeding programs.</p>
<p>The sheet is published by the Baron Bull Club, Inc., and is available to members of the club for a nominal fee. It is also available to non-members for a slightly higher fee. The sheet is published in a format that is easy to read and understand, and is designed to be a valuable resource for all those interested in the breed of cattle known as the Baron Bull.</p>	<p>The sheet is published by the Baron Bull Club, Inc., and is available to members of the club for a nominal fee. It is also available to non-members for a slightly higher fee. The sheet is published in a format that is easy to read and understand, and is designed to be a valuable resource for all those interested in the breed of cattle known as the Baron Bull.</p>
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X-PN4827

January

No. 5

A UAPA PUBLICATION

#315

## *The Clarion*

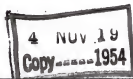
### The Urge

**W**HAT BRAVE MEN poets  
must be!

Nobody asks them to  
write poems, few even want to.  
Yet, spurred on by what fan-  
tastic urge only God and they  
themselves know, they con-  
tinue to toll after the apt phrase  
...the delicate line. They stub-  
bornly keep alive an art that  
is as old as language.

Phyllis McGinley

COPY



X-PN4827

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# The Bookery

NUMBER FOUR :: FALL 1954

A National Amateur Press Association Publication

Your Vice President offers

## AN INVITATION TO JOURNALISM

If you have never before been an amateur journalist, your membership in the N.A.P.A. will lead you to new fields of inspiration, pleasure, and fame. The fruits of your efforts are not fleeting but are placed in many establishments where printing is preserved for posterity. The Benjamin Franklin Institute, the New York Public Library, the American Antiquarian Society, and many other famous libraries contain collections of the works of our members, and are open to the public. What better pastime presents such great rewards?

Imagine your *own* words *set in type* and *printed* by your own hands! What a great exultation and pride is experienced when your publication is completed! The magic of the "printed" word will hold you in thrall or, to resort to the vernacular, "ink will flow in your veins." You will acquire the requisite skill, not at the start, but eventually. Setting type is fascinating, and as the printed sheets roll off

X-PN4827.  
B  
#317

# THIS IS A BARTLETT PAIR

.....

DRIFTWOOD

5 AUG 25



I gathered some driftwood on the shore  
That an angry wave had beached,  
And noted how fair and white it was -  
How the sea and sand had bleached  
Till smooth as the face of a shifting dune  
That is washed by the wind and the waves;  
With an odor as clean as the bracing air  
That echoes through watery caves.

That surface, once splintered and rough to feel,  
Into graceful curves was worn  
And polished as though by a buffer's wheel -  
Like the gem from a jeweler borne.  
Might it tell of a tempest that flung it high  
As it rode on a white-capped foam  
From out where a blue sea meets the sky -  
Too far for the gulls to roam?

Was it swept from a wreck on a reef, remote,  
Or washed from a cliff-lined shore;  
Did some one toss it to watch it float,  
Is it part of a shattered oar?  
Is it cypress or cedar I treasure now,  
That the surf would gently lap;  
Or was it a hemlock's bitter bow,  
But purged of its poisoned sap?

How much we resemble the driftwood tossed -  
Battered and beaten and torn;  
When over the sea of life we've crossed -  
Softened and smoothed and worn.

(CONTINUED)



# THIS IS A BARTLETT PAIR

## CROWS IN THE CORNFIELD

"Corn, Corn,"  
He cries from his balcony  
Perched high on the branch of a nearby tree;  
"The farmer is planting corn," says he,  
"Corn, Corn, Corn!"

"Come, Come,"  
He calls to his flock of kin;  
"When he gets through, then we'll begin;  
And strip his cornfield bare and thin -  
Come, Come, Come!"

"Haw, Haw,  
He's putting a man in the patch  
With broomstick limbs and a top of thatch;  
He plans with us his wits to match.  
Haw, Haw, Haw!"

"Caw, Caw!"  
As soon as the farmer turns around,  
The flock swoops into the prize they found,  
And scratch the corn from the mellow ground.  
"Caw, Caw, Caw!" -Macie Bartlett.

## SANCTUARY



A sanctuary need not be  
A cloistered chapel far from strife;  
But some secluded privacy  
Among the busy marts of life.

A place where one may close a door  
And shut out scenes that jar and grate:  
To bar the din of traffic roar,  
And be alone to meditate.

(CONTINUED)



#319

### BATTLE CRY

O workers of the world, unite:  
Our labours to defend!  
What greater cause could we invite  
To serve our fellow-men?  
It matters not upon whose soil,  
Beneath what flag unfurled,  
It is for us who sweat and toil  
To feed and clothe the world!

What right have masters to demand  
Our homage as their due;  
Should millions slave at their command  
To free from toil the few?  
Are we content to make of use  
What they discard with scorn;  
While with the wealth that we produce  
Their idle selves adorn?

Should we for ages still insure  
Our course of endless dread;  
Can we submissively endure  
Our children's cry for bread?  
Are we not worthy of a share  
Of what our hands create;  
Or must we ever in despair  
Be beggars at their gate?

Should men be forced to shoulder arms,  
A neighbor to invade  
And lay in waste their shops and farms;  
In guiltless blood to wade

# The Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIV

MARCH, 1954

Number 3

## I'll Do My Part

By Art Rakestraw

The following incident was related by Albert Hines, director of the Madison Square Boys' Club, New York City:

A well-to-do New York family had been hard hit by the depression. Their investments were wiped out. Losing their city home, they moved to a modest little cottage in Connecticut. Their two boys buckled down to work, sold papers, tended furnaces, shoveled snow, and helped in every possible way.



One day, while playing in a quarry some distance from home, the younger boy fell and broke a bone in the foot, and the older brother carried him on his shoulders to the nearest hospital. It was not possible to reach the parents, and the doctor said that the fracture should be set at once.

Jim's first question was, "How much will it cost, Doc?"

The doctor told him, and among the items he mentioned was the anesthetic.

"Anesthetic? What's that, Doc?"

"Something to relieve the pain while we set the break."

"How much does that cost?"

"Well, we include that at \$10."

"Can't you set the break without it?"

"Yes, but it will hurt."

"Go ahead and set it without that stuff. My dad can't afford it. It's bad enough that he has to pay the hospital bill."

So they set the fracture without the anesthetic. When Dad heard what had happened, he hurried to the hospital.

"Why did you do that, son?"

"I felt bad enough about the fall, and how much money it would cost you. I told them I could stand the hurt. I'll always do my part, Dad."

Mr. Hines said that it was a dull gloomy day when he heard that story, and that it was like a ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds. There had been times when he had felt blue and discouraged about the Boys' Club, but that this incident vindicated all his efforts. It proved to him that boys are worthwhile, that there is a heroism which comes out when challenged, and that fathers can depend on sons who are trained to take responsibility.

# THE Boy's Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIV

JUNE, 1954

Number 6

## A Cowboy and an Indian

By Fred E. Bolt

If you wanted to contact Tony Wescott, you would usually find him, fourth row from the front, in the Granada Cinema. Tony chose the Granada, for you were always sure of one Western. Tony lived, even in his dreams at night, with Roy Rogers, Hopalong, and other cowboys. Tony was 12 years old, and when he saw his first 3-D film, he did not flinch when arrows flicked towards him and grinning painted faces seemed to leave



the screen, and gibber before his eyes.

When the weather was too warm for the confined space of the picture house, Tony would seek the woods near his home and track the Sioux on his trusty, but imaginary Trigger, and though the scalps in his belt were only dried brown fern, still they might be the real gory thing to a small boy.

Once Tony played the role of an Indian brave, and still retaining the brown of the sun on his body, from a recent visit to the seaside, diverted himself of his clothes and wiggled through the undergrowth, his open Scout knife clutched in his sticky hand. Unfortunately, when he emerged into a small clearing, he surprised a party of lady church workers who, with a blushing curate, were partaking of tea in picnic style. They gave

velps and spilled tea down best dresses when they saw on the bank above them a naked boy with a glittering weapon in his hand. The blushing curate valiantly gave chase, but the Indian brave soon vanished; meanwhile, the startled ladies restored their nerves with fresh tea.

After the above episode, Tony stuck to the cowboy character though he could not imagine Roy Rogers in shorts.

One Saturday he was tracking a war party and after scratching his bare knees with a very unfriendly thorn bush and getting a herdy tear in his shorts, he thrust his head through a bush and gazed down a road, which was too rough for motors. Suddenly he heard the sound of horse's hooves on the hard surface, and he told himself the Indians were coming. Tony knew it might possibly be a farmer or a member of the local riding school, but as the rider approached he nearly fell on the road, for there, mounted on a grey horse, was a real Indian, painted face, feathers and sheaf of arrows.

Tony was too amazed to hide; in fact, his foot sent a trickle of small stones skidding to the road. The Indian saw the boy crouched above him and drew up his horse. Tony felt his scalp tingle—he was no longer Roy Rogers, nor even Hopalong, but a frightened little English boy.

The Indian grinned at him like the one in the 3-D, then said, "Say, kid, how do I get to Banham meadow? We've got the American

(Continued on Page 4)

# Publishers

1871-1875—Lewis H. English and Edward E. Hall, Jr., New Haven, Connecticut  
 1876—Will M. Pemberton and F. G. Johnson, Ansonia, Connecticut  
 1876-1877—Malcolm D. Mox, E. W. Onderdunk and J. B. Sewell, Jr., Batavia, New York.  
 1880—Charles G. Smith, Jr., and John Fisher, Buffalo, New York  
 1884—Edwin M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1885—Howard M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1886-1887—Howard M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1888—Edwin M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1889—Howard M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1904-1915—Edwin M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1916—George W. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan  
 1920-1944—Edwin M. Hall and Lawrence B. Stringer, Detroit, Michigan

# Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXIV

AUGUST, 1954

Number 8

## Last River Showboat

By David H. Arnold

Showboating in this day and age is probably generally considered a thing of the past or nothing but a glorified image from Edna Ferber's immortal book, but to a few lucky students from Hiram College (Ohio) it is still very much alive. Each summer they offer towns along the Ohio River system their fare of old-time melodrama and vaudeville, playing to some 30,000 people during the annual 14-week season. With Capt. T. J. (for Thomas Jefferson) Reynolds of Point Pleasant, W. Va., at the helm, the famed old showboat, *Majestic*, and her towboat, *Attaboy*, sternwheel their way down the Ohio, Monon-

Operating Theatre," in the Hiram catalog. There are no classes for the score of young showboaters who comprise the company, but only the 24-hour-a-day experience of attending to every phase of a commercial theatre, from acting to mopping decks, from dancing in the vaudeville to lugging ice. Ey day, the villain is likely to be selling tickets, the hero and heroine to be on KP duty, or the piano player to be sweeping the auditorium. Something about it gets in their blood, though, for every year there are three- and four-year veterans who find they just can't stay away from showboat life.

Of the myriad craft of its type



gahela, Green and Cumberland rivers, from Louisville to Pittsburgh to Fairmount, reviving a bit of almost forgotten Americana.

The unusual project is college sponsored and run as a regular six-hour course in dramatics, non-committally listed as "Speech 230,

that once plied the rivers during the golden days of showboating 30 years ago, the *Majestic* is the only one still traveling. Cap Reynolds built the boat himself in 1923, patenting it after the larger Golden-

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

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X-PN 4827  
5 OCT 29 1954  
B #323

# THE Boys' Herald

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXI/

SEPTEMBER, 1954

Number 9

## Nature's Acres

By Owen Penfield Fox

*Illustrated by the Author*

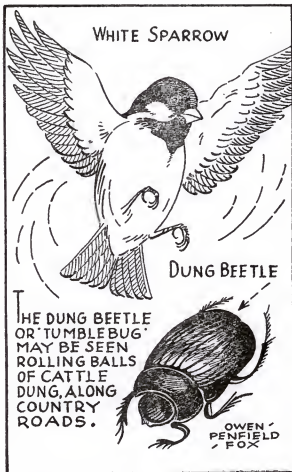
The noisy Sparrow may be heard almost anywhere and cannot be overlooked in any Nature Study. Its chattering is always loudest when annoying a songbird.

The Sparrow chatter I heard in an open field on a day in June was different than usual. In a clearing where the grass was not too high I came upon a dozen sparrows hopping about. And among them was one as white as snow which seemed to be the leader.

As I watched the white bird it would pick out another, give it a good flogging and strut about with its feathers puffed and go through all sorts of crazy antics. This went on for some time, then suddenly the white sparrow winged its way into a bushy section, followed by the

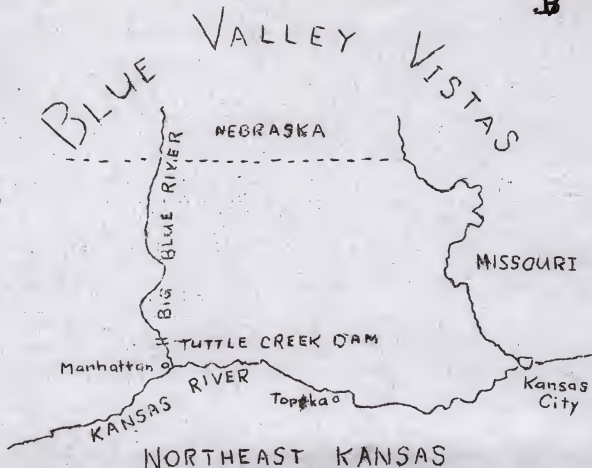
others.

(Continued on Page 4)



B

#324



U. A. P. A.

May 1954

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## THE VALLEY STRUGGLES FOR LIFE

A death sentence was pronounced upon the Blue Valley of Kansas sixteen years ago when Congress authorized the construction of the Tuttle Creek Dam, at the request of the Corps of Army Engineers. "Would there be any towns or villages destroyed or required to be removed by its construction?" a member of the Corps was asked in the hearings which preceded the authorization. "No", was his reply. How unfortunate that there was no one to challenge his statement!

Apparently no one was aware of the proceedings in Washington. The news came as a thunder bolt after the action had been taken. "No towns or villages destroyed." What a gross misrepresentation of fact! In the peaceful Valley of the Blue, there are nine small towns which would be inundated by the construction of Tuttle Creek Dam. And why did they call it "Tuttle Creek"? Was it to give the impression that only a small insignificant area was to be affected? Tuttle Creek meets the Blue at the site of the dam, but the term is a mis-nomer for it wouldn't dam Tuttle Creek, but the Big Blue Valley, where the tall corn grows on the most fertile acres in Kansas.

The Tuttle Creek Dam is a part of the Pick Sloan plan for the Missouri Valley. The estimated cost, according to the engineers figures, is 79 million dollars AND the reservoir at flood level would extend for about fifty miles up the valley covering 55,000 acres. Many have seriously questioned whether any dam in the entire United States has ever before threatened such a vast productive area. Broad expanses of dark green corn, golden wheat stubble, and lush alfalfa are living evidence of the bountiful harvests of the fertile fields of the Blue River bottoms.

The question of appropriations arose from time to time, but because of widespread opposition to the project, no funds were voted. Then came the big Kansas River flood in July 1931 and the engineers were quick to seize the opportunity to press for



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# BLUE VALLEY VISTAS

June 1954  
United Amateur Press Association  
Leona Velen  
Cleburne, Kansas

## NO SURRENDER IN THE BLUE VALLEY

"It looks worse in print," remarked a Blue Valley farmer as he studied the newspaper headline - "CONGRESS VOTES FIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO BEGIN CONSTRUCTION ON TUTTLE CREEK DAM". The radio message had dealt the first stunning blow to most of us on that fateful day in July, 1952. Then the newspapers confirmed the fact and brought us closer to the reality of what had taken place. It was not just a horrible dream. It had actually taken place in Washington. Most observers were ready to concede that the Army Engineers had finally succeeded in capturing the sturdiest fortress they have ever besieged - the determined resistance to the Tuttle Creek Dam by the people of the Blue Valley of Kansas.

It was generally assumed that we had lost the battle. Sympathies poured in from friends and interested individuals. There were kind offers for help with relocation problems. Newspaper editorials expressed the hope that Blue Valley leadership would not be lost, but that it would also be transplanted to other communities.

We had lost some ground. We had to admit that. Now the engineers could move in, secure property, and begin construction. But we had no intentions of giving up the battle. Democratic principles were at stake. Our country's resources were being squandered. If we could only tell the nation what was happening here, we could surely call a halt upon the needless destruction of our valley and other fertile valleys.

We wrote to editors and radio commentators. We aired our views in the public forum columns of the newspapers. We prepared booths for the county and state fairs. Our homemade booth did not look as impressive as the one exhibited by the Corps of Army Engineers - at the American taxpayers expense - but perhaps our modest homespun project served our purpose just as well. Our activities were varied and spontaneous. Everyone seemed to have ideas and plans for action and initiative to carry them out.

One afternoon a Blue Valley woman started this idea buzzing on the party lines, "President Truman is in Kansas City for a few days. Why not drive down there to talk to him?" Two days later nineteen women met at the Randolph city square at 4 o'clock in the morning. We were all set to drive to Kansas City to tell the President of the United States our views about Tuttle Creek Dam. He had not confirmed an appointment but we decided to go anyway. We would talk to someone - anyone who would listen. Perhaps we could get our story into the newspapers.

We were somewhat disturbed by the unexpected radio publicity the night before when it was reported that the Blue Valley ladies were going to picket President Truman at the Hotel Muehlebach. Picketing! We had never entertained such a thought! So we were determined to take every precaution against unfavorable publicity. We tried to enter the Muehlebach as quietly and inconspicuously as possible. We met in the lobby of the hotel across the street and then walked over to the Muehlebach casually in groups of twos or threes. And yet one newspaper reported that we were irate housewives who shouted and stormed into town!

We were thrilled when two members of our party were granted an audience with the President. The rest of us remained in the lobby surrounded by newspaper reporters and representatives of all the press agencies who were following the President. Here was our opportunity to talk, to answer questions, and to defend our position with regard to the Tuttle Creek Dam.

MAY - JUNE  
1954NUMBER  
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# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of words and deeds"--(from coast to coast.)

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - EDITED  
BY GEO. D. PALECHEK, 2035 No. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN, USA.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
MAY; - "Sweet May hath came to love us, Flowers, trees, their blossoms  
don; And through the blue heavens above us, The very clouds move on.  
Heine. "Lily -of-the-valley Month- The lily of the vale, of flowers queer.  
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun." - Bruce.

## WEDDING GIFTS

These wedding gifts I give this hour,  
To you, so that your love may flower.  
Nestled against the jewel in your hair,  
One white rose-bud for your wear.

To enhance the charm of your cologne,  
Lillies-of-the-valley, for you alone.  
Instead of an orchid boxed in town,  
These white lilacs cascading down.

For the pages of your prayer book,  
White pansies from my garden nook.  
For "something blue", what have I got?  
A tiny sprig of for-got-me-not!

For "something borrowed", I give to you,  
A smile, which you can give back too.  
For "something old", richer than lace,  
I wish for you, all of God's grace.



by

Betty M. Tusch  
3259 Madera Ave.,  
Oakland 19,  
California

MAY 9th:- MOTHER'S DAY. -"At the cross, her station keeping, Stood the  
mournful mother weeping, Where He hung, the dying Lord" - Anon.

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my Mother"-Abraham Lincoln.

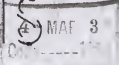
The largest portion of our children's education, whether for good or  
evil, is carried on at home by their mother's influence, and in most  
cases her love principle is stronger than the force principle. Child-  
ren seldom raise higher than the fountain-head of Mother's character.  
Occasional exceptions do not shake the solid certainty of this rule.  
"Show me the Mother and I will show you the Child" is a voracious max-  
im after all. - G.D.P.

"Youth fades; love drops, The flowers of friendship fall; But a Mother's  
secret hope outlives them all". - Holmes.

JAN.-FEB.  
MAR.-APRIL  
1954

# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of words and deeds."



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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEO. D. PALECHER, EDITOR 2035 NO. 22nd STREET, MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN.

JANUARY:-The Opener. The blasts of January chill you through and through. Benjamin Franklin, Philosopher, Inventor and Statesman, born Jan. 17th 1706. Died in 1790. His last words were "A dieing man can do nothing easy"...

Byron writes, "Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven, calming the lightning which he hence hath riven". Philip Freneau said, "He seized from Kings their Sceptered Pride, and turned the lightning's darts aside". He thus was a forerunner on Electricity and didn't fly his kite just for the fun of it. "The body of Franklin, Printer, (like a cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding) lies here, food for the worms. But the work shall not be lost, for it will, (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by some author". -From Epitaph on himself, 1728. In 1744 he developed the Franklin open fire-box stove. About 1750 he made a real advance in heating, when he placed a metal jacket around a stove to form an air-heating chamber, from which heating pipes were led to the different parts of his printing shop to distribute the heated air. Thus he led the way, away from the fire-place to the development of the warm-air circulating system of today.

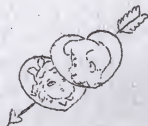
FEBRUARY:-The February sunshine stoops your boughs, and tints the buds, and swells the leaves within". -Bryant.  
1st-Augusta (my sweetheart) Day. 2nd-Ground Hog Day, (6 more weeks of winter, if he sees his shadow) so they say. 11th:-Edison Day. 14th:-our National Valentine (or Lover's Day). Besides these February gave us two of the greatest men in our history, Lincoln, 12th, 1809 and Washington on the 22nd, 1732. Lincoln was a very plain and simple man, even as to dress. He was tall and (skinny) slim, so he wasn't very attractive either.

Back of our boys are Lincoln, Washington and the RED, WHITE and BLUE. Their work was well done, they were for human rights and liberty, and are entitled to the respect of all mankind....G.D.P.

## CHERISHED WELL

Our love holds all the sunset glow of rose and gold,  
Reflecting joys and cares, all shared not long ago,  
And in that radiance we bask, all silvered old.  
Each golden minute of that love was shared, along  
With purple clouds that shadowed shining hours.  
The joy of sunset years, as sweethearts still...  
And days of lazy luxury is ours  
Until the curtain falls, only to see  
New Dawn, as sweethearts will..

Betty H. Tousch,  
3559 Madara Ave.,  
Oakland 19, Calif.



# BLOOMING CREATIONS

"of WORDS and DEEDS".

FINAL EDITION

NO. 33

X-PN4827

A UAPA PUBLICATION

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GEO. D. PALECHOK, EDITOR 2035 NO. 22nd ST., MILWAUKEE 5, WISCONSIN -  
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"BON VOYAGE"- by George A. Roehme

Services for our Editor, Geo. D. Palechok, 71, were held Thursday, September 20th at the Nazareth Evangelical Lutheran church at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Palechok died Monday, September 27th after a short illness.

Mr. Palechok had been working on copy for his 4th Quarter issue of his paper, BLOOMING CREATIONS. Whatever copy we could find of his endeavor for this issue is herein presented. It may be likened to the "Unfinished Symphony" of Beethoven's, but its publication we know was his wish. Mr. Palechok was a life long friend of the family. We know him as a man of few words, a good listener, a deep thinker. One of his many virtues was his kindness, his charitable nature, secondary. He was a true Christian, and practiced his Faith, sincerely, honestly and with the fervent inclination to live within the laws of land and church. One of his proud possessions in life was the knowledge that his son, Albert, of Montrose, S.D. is a pastor in his faith.

Mr. Palechok, a tin-smith by trade, as a hobby, produced from tin, reproductions of most all known flowers and plants. Painted in natural colors they present charming evidence of his skill and love for flowers. From this hobby came the name for his Amateur Paper. Prose and poetry, famous quotes and opinions of great people filled its pages. He always had space for anyone who wanted some of their work printed in his paper. Those of us who attended the convention at Kansas City last July will recall his quiet reserve and attentiveness. What would be more appropriate than to print here his own 'creation' the hymn that now graces many a Ryan Book. (Incidentally the words were in his heart and mind, one morning after a dream, the music too, which we cannot reproduce here). The original manuscript is in the possession of his son, Rev. Albert Palechok.

## BLESSED JESUS

1. Oh, Jesus, blessed, blessed Jesus,      3. Here I am, He said, He said,  
Wonderful Saviour of mine.      When He arose on Easter Morn,  
Oh, what do I want more than Jesus,      Why seek ye the living among  
While here on earth I pine,      the dead,  
While here on earth I pine.      For Jesus my wonderful Savior  
lives,  
2. Jesus is more than this earth to      For Jesus my wonderful Savior  
me;      lives.  
He gave His blood and died you see,      4. I should not doubt, like Thomas  
For me on the cross of Calvary      did,  
So that I'd be His own,      But trust in my Savior's word  
So that I'd be His own.      For surely then, I'll be with Jesus,  
When called to leave this earth,  
When called to leave this earth.

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# BUDDY

THE MAGAZINE PAL

Number 6

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS

January, 1955

## *Poetry Is For Posterity*

*By Carla Patsumis*

The poet-voice is like a gleeful bird  
That even in the dark grows not obscure;  
Who listens, harkens to enchantment, stirred  
Forth into being—born for long endure.

The cadenced, dulcet-sounding metaphors,  
Like linnets, larks and wrens, one at a time  
Spill tuneful joys, and lyric orators  
Are moved to sing new song, compose new rhyme.

Music was made for singing! made to be  
Evolved through words from words (as tales of old);  
And always the chant for you or for me  
Must touch a dear note when again retold—

For echo-sweet; sweet from sweet prosy-theme,  
Matures recaptured through translation's dream!

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# Bayou Blossoms #330

New Orleans, La.

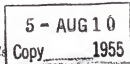
Summer, 1955

## *The Bayou*

*In the Louisiana swamp lands  
Cool spring breezes blow the petals  
Of blue iris and white dogwood,  
Honeysuckle and magnolia,  
And the climbing wild moss rose  
On the slowly moving waters,  
Where they drift, like little dreamboats,  
In a rainbow-hued flotilla.*

*To a distant port of Nowhere,  
The lazy Bayou glides along  
To find the Gulf of Mexico,  
Where white-capped waves surge out  
beyond  
Caribbean Islands and the coral reefs,—  
There, to meet the Stormy Sea.*

—Wylma Georgia Heard



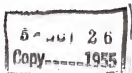
# Bayou Blossoms

New Orleans, La.

Fall, 1955

1755 -- 1955

*Heritage*



No Land  
Is ever great,  
Or hordes a golden store  
Until its songs are heard in rich  
Folklore.

—Wylma Georgia Heard

This Issue of Bayou Blossoms is dedicated to  
The Acadian Bicentennial Celebration of Louisiana.





# Publishers

1871-1876—Lewis H. English and Edward E. Hall, Jr., New Haven, Connecticut  
 1876—Will M. Pemberton and F. G. Johnson, Ansonia, Connecticut  
 1876-1877—Malcolm D. Mix, R. W. Onderdonk and J. B. Sewell, Jr., Malveria, New York  
 1880—Charles G. Steele, Jr., and John Fisher, Buffalo, New York  
 1884—Edwin B. Hill and Lawrence R. Slinger, Detroit, Michigan  
 1887—Edward M. Carter and Lawrence B. Slinger, Chicago, Illinois



SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXV

FEBRUARY 1955

Number 2

## Bobby—Boy Scout

By Fred E. Bolt

Illustrated by the Author

The Lion Patrol, of the Eixron Boy Scouts, were planning their holiday camp; but that needed money, so the boys had put a blackboard outside their headquarters, with these words chalked on its surface: "ENGAGE A BOY

most likely applicant. Bobby Sanders was chosen, an intelligent boy of thirteen. He could ride a bicycle, and was strong for his age. His Scoutmaster told him the address the stranger had given. That afternoon Bobby cycled to an impressive building and was taken by lift to an official looking room.

He recognized the gentleman, who was sitting near a desk, behind which was a stern, grey haired man who looked Bobby up and down, then said, "Yes, I think Mr. Prout, you have made a wise choice." Then he spoke to the boy, "You must clearly understand, my boy, that we are entrusting you with a very important job and you.



SCOUT TO DO YOUR JOB AT A BOB AN HOUR." (A bob is an English slang word for a shilling.) They found people willing to engage them for running errands, light chores, or washing down a car.

One morning a gentleman called and asked their Scoutmaster if he would parade his lads as he had some very important work for one of them and he wanted to pick the



undertake to do your best to fulfill it. I have here a sealed letter

(Continued on Page 4)

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# THE BOYS' KERALD

SINCE 1871

Volume LXXXV

MAY 1955

Number 5

## Drawing and Cartooning as a Hobby

By Frank Egner

If you're looking for a way to bring extra pleasure and enjoyment into your life, why not learn to draw simple pictures and cartoons? Now, don't give me that "I can't even draw a straight line!" routine. So what? Without a ruler, who can? You may be surprised to learn that there are only about a dozen fundamental rules to master before you find you're able to create a passable sketch. And for less than a dollar you can get books that will teach you these fundamental rules.

I'm not talking about art and

*Illustrated by the Author*

artists; if detail, composition and technique are what you're striving for, it will take years to achieve perfection. What I have in mind are the quick five-minute comic "funny pictures" that you can use to illustrate a particular incident, or dress up a letter, or pep up a party.

If you have a soft lead pencil and some scratch paper, you can begin right now. For a while, you'll stick to the simplest forms. Then, if you practice diligently, you'll see your work improve until you'll be able to visualize exactly what you want to portray with your pencil. Or, perhaps, in more permanent drawing ink.

I have found, in the more than thirty years I have been cartooning, that people like to receive funny pictures and especially when the cartoon depicts something concerning them. Avoid any subjects that may prove offensive and restrict yourself to cartoons of good, clean fun.

Practice will bring out many hidden talents in the cartooning line and you may even be one of those fortunate ones who can caricature to some degree, thereby making your cartoon characters resemble the persons delineated. Once you have developed this talent, you can look forward to some real fun. But, remember, never poke fun at another's physical imperfections and handicaps for the sake of a laugh.

Because writing and drawing are somehow inter-connected, you'll find quite a few members in Ajas who are quite adept at sketching.



(Continued on Page 4)